THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

A New Division of the Order to be Organized in Kewanee, Ill., on Sunday—Energy of Bro. Barry of Knox County.

Doings of Divisions 13, 15, 30, 36 and the Hibernian Knights—Activity in A.O.H. Circles Throughout the City.

The men of Henry county are again back in the fold, and on Sunday in Kewanee a splendid division will be organized. The energy of Brother Barry of Galesburg was the means by which the good work was accomplished. If the county presidents would but follow the example of Brother Barry of Knox county, we could double the number organized.

Division 13 held a reunion on Thursday, the 16th inst., to which the Very Rev. Vicar General was invited and came to bless the new banners. The ceremony was most interesting, and was witnessed with the closest attention by a very large gathering of the Hibernians of Bridgeport. The reverend gentleman delivered a short address on his knowledge of the Order in days gone by, which was full of interesting reminiscence and sound advice. State President Keating spoke on the needs of the Order, and its benefit to the Irish race. Bro. P. F. Holden, president of Div. 35, urged the support of the Nationalist press and its value as an educational institution. A very interesting musical programme, including "Harp of Tara" in Gaelic from Bro. P. F. Conway, and one of his stirring songs from Bro. P. J. O'Brien, added much to the pleasure of the evening. Brothers John E. Long, Sullivan and Maloney are to be congratulated on the progress shown by No. 13.

In another column I understand will be found a report of the reception tendered to its friends by Div. 9, of South Chicago. It reflected great credit on Brothers O'Sullivan, Duggan, Abera, and others, who had charge of the arrangements.

On Saturday, April 18, Div. 15 held a reunion of its friends in the cosy hall at the corner of Fifty-first and Peoria streets. It was strange that so few of the neighboring divisions sent delegations. Most of the visitors came a long distance to be present, while some four divisions meet within ten blocks of the hall. County President Henely spoke on the progress of the Order, and was followed by State President Keating on the needs of the Irish race at the present day. Brother Flanagan of Div. 16 delivered a neat address on the membership of the Order. Bro. P. F. Holden was much applauded for his capital speech on the National question. A recitation and song from Brother Duffy carried away the audience, and were well rendered. President Breen proved himself an able chairman during the long session, and his handling of the gavel was impartial and courteous. Div. 15 should be visited oftener, and certainly by those in its close proximity. It is a promising organization and needs only sympathy and advice to be one of the best in that section of the city.

Out on the Indiana border is located Div. 30, once the most prosperous and numerous in the county. Industrial vicissitudes scattered the membership, and for a time it was feared it would disband. Hundreds left for other business centres when the iron mills shut down, but a faithful few still kept the banner flying until returning prosperity brought new men to their ranks, and now it is again on the road of increase and prominence. The old heads still guide the work, but young hearts aid and follow them.

On Sunday, the 19th inst., acting under the orders of Bro. P. B. Flanagan, chairman of the committee on organization, Brothers Foley and Duggan visited No. 30, accompanied by State President Keating, Bros. P. T. O'Sullivan and P. F. Holden. It proved a most enjoyable evening. The genuine spirit of Irish hospitality, which was apparent on all sides, and the eagerness of all present to prove that fraternity and unity were their best prized virtues, impressed the visitors and made the hours of visit too short. Brothers Heelan and Hartnett, veterans in the cause, with Brothers Conway and Duffy, were working as they did in bye-gone days, and assisted by the two excellent secretaries, Brothers Kerr and Coulin. After the business of the evening was concluded, all the visitors spoke on the good of the Order, and I noted in particular the excellent addresses of Brothers O'Sullivan and Foley of Div. 9, which were worthy of deep attention and thought on the part of the members present. The meeting broke up at a late hour, and its success promised much for the future of the Order in Cummings.

Div. 36 made a splendid success socially and financially of their ball on the 11th inst. Over three hundred couples attended, and the evening was most enjoyable for all present. The committee of arrangements deserve the highest praise for the excellent manner in which they looked after the comfort of every guest. The labors of the evening fell on the following prominent members: William McMahon, M. J. Pierce, T. H. Ryan, T. Fitzpatrick, T. McGraw, A. Ledwidge, B. Owen, J. Nolan, T. Daly, and M. Lonergan. It was a very pleasing feature of the event to note the interest and energy of many of the new members, which promises well for their usefulness to the division.

The ball of Company B, Hibernian Knights, will take place on Saturday night, the 25th inst. As it is virtually the ball of Div. 19, it should, aside from its merits as the ball of the uniform rank, receive the hearty support of all who know of the good work of Brother Thomas and his splendid division, which has done so much to build up the Order on the South Side. Every South Side division should send as many as possible to lend aid to the expected success of the occasion. ED.

GODLESS SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE CRIME.

[*New World, April 11.*]

It has been more than once alleged by the enemies of the Catholic church in this country that the Catholic population furnishes far more than its just proportion to the criminal classes of the community. The charge is not true in anything like the degree commonly alleged, and even in so far as it is true it admits of an explanation which completely negatives the inference drawn by those who make it a ground of attack on the Catholic church.

There are Catholics and Catholics. Roughly speaking, Catholics may be divided into those who do, and those who do not, practice their religion. As regards practical Catholics, it is safe to affirm that amongst them, as a class, the proportion of criminals is far smaller than among any other class of the community. Everyone who really knows what it means to be a practical Catholic, knows not only that this is so but that, in the nature of things, it must be so. As regards Catholics who do not practice their religion, and who very often are Catholics merely in name, it is quite probable that these may in truth furnish more than their fair proportion to the criminal classes. We can see several reasons why this should be so, which we do not deem it necessary to state here.

A good way of testing the effect of Catholic teaching and Catholic practice in restraining criminal tendencies and promoting practical morality would be to examine the record of juvenile crime, and see what proportion of the child criminals are educated in the public schools and what proportion are educated in the Catholic parochial schools. Unfortunately, we do not possess the statistics in this country needed to make this comparison in a satisfactory manner. We can only note the general fact that it is very rarely indeed that a child who is being educated in a Catholic school is convicted of a crime.

In Paris they compile their statistics on subjects of this character better than we do in Chicago. It appears from some statistics recently issued by the Tribunal of the Seine that of each 100 children convicted of crime in Paris during the year 1891, eleven came from parochial or religious schools, while eighty-nine were pupils of the public schools of France, which, like the public schools of this country, exclude religion from their teaching.

These figures are striking, when we remember the very large proportion of the children in Paris who are educated at religious schools. Yet, in truth, they teach us nothing more than we might confidently have anticipated. With children, even more than with adults, moral teaching without religious teaching, is sure to be barren of results. In Paris, as in Chicago, too many children go from an un-Christian home to an un-Christian school, where they are taught all things except the one thing which, above all others, is essential. They know nothing of God or of God's law; and even His very name they do not hear unless when they happen to hear it pronounced in profanity. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn from the statistics above referred to that 36,715 crimes were committed by children in 1891, as against 13,593 in 1881.

These figures carry with them a lesson which Catholic parents will do well to take to heart. In Chicago, parents cannot urge the plea of necessity as an excuse for sending their children to schools where no prayer is said and no holy name is spoken with reverence. If they do this, they do it deliberately, and of free choice; and theirs is the responsibility for any evil results which may follow.

A Pleasant Reception.

Mr. Michael Lynch, State Treasurer of the A.O.H., tendered a reception to Mr. James B. Brophy of St. Louis, Mo., at his residence, No. 520 W. Erie street, on Wednesday evening. Mr. E. J. Sullivan, of New York, was also an honored guest. Among the gentlemen who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Messrs. John F. Walsh, Daniel Kirby, John McNicholson and James Murray. After a sumptuous repast, which was done full justice to, the accomplished daughter of the genial host presided at the piano. Mr. Brophy sang "My Emmet's No More," Mr. Sullivan rendered "The Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Walsh "The Tempest of the Heart," Mr. Kirby "Tara's Hall," and Mr. McNicholson "Who Fears to Speak of '98." Mr. Lynch made a happy address, bidding his guests welcome. After a few pleasant hours in social conversation the party retired well pleased with their night's entertainment, as "God Save Ireland" was sung by all present.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

SMOOTHS ORANGE CAT.

A Correspondent Finds Fault With "The Citizen" for Rubbing the Hair of the Yellow Feline the Wrong Way.

He Writes a Lecture on High Moral Methods, and Seems to Consider the Orangeman a Victimized Party.

[*To the Editor.*]

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 18.—I always read your paper with avidity. To my humble notion it comes nearer than any other American publication to the ideal Irish paper. It has no apologies to make, no bows to right or left, no sop-throwing to Cerberus, but keeps onward, right onward to its goal. For this reason I devour it greedily when I get hold of it. But because I read it eagerly and scrutinize it closely, I naturally find things in it that I do not care to assimilate, and its ardent antipathy to Orangemen is one of them. In your issue of April 11, "The Irish Orangeman is the narrowest and most malignant human thing that breathes, and he is capable of any absurdity," is one of those fish-bones which I am always careful to pick out. What is the use of abusing our enemies? Abuse is not argument; and while satire and ridicule may sometimes be persuasive, broad sarcasm, such as the above, never has been so. That the Orangeman in good faith is misguided, that the principles upon which he founds his course of action are radically wrong, and that these principles are directly counter to ours, I would be the last to deny; but, dear Lord, how many of us are right in all things—how many of us are building a whole life's work on fundamentally false principles? And as for their being diametrically opposed to us, are we Democrats, do we not sit at the same table with Republicans? Are we Republicans, do we not sit at the same table with Democrats? Are we Populists or Socialists, do we not sit at the same table with both? Yet the respective principles of these parties are as destructive, the one of the other, as the principles of our friends, the Orangemen, are deadly to ours.

But this is neither here nor there—the real question is one of policy. Sweeping assertions against Orangemen are to be condemned for two reasons: They aggravate an already grievous fault in our people; they perpetuate the opposition of our Protestant countrymen.

The fault I allude to is one which we share with all old world peoples, so far as I know—except, perhaps, the French—namely, an unreasonable prejudice based on considerations of race and religion. Now the object, par excellence, of the Catholic Irishman's animosity is his fellow-countryman, the Orangeman. This enmity is seldom grounded on anything in his own experience; indeed, the majority of Irishmen go down to their graves without ever having seen a real Orangeman. At best their prejudice is founded on facts of history—doings of men for centuries dead—but for the most part it is the result of hearsay, legend, ballad, humbug. Now, for my part, I have known some Orangemen intimately, and I have taken counsel with those who have lived among them and studied them in their environment, both at home and in Canada, and upon my word, I have been forced to the conclusion that they are a tolerable class of beings, at least deserving the title and respect of "men." Moreover, few people distinguish between Orangemen and Protestant Ulstermen; to most mind they are identical; so that our tirades may harm innocent people, if, indeed, tirades can harm anyone but those who utter them.

In the second place, this method of treating Ulstermen is very bad politics, inasmuch as it tends to make them everlasting enemies to the cause of Ireland. A trifle, you may say; by no means. For good or ill, Protestant Ulster is there to stay. It is there to stay, too, and its voice is heard in England. And it seems almost impossible that England would grant home rule (pardon me for mentioning home rule) while Ulster was opposing. We should first have to win Ulster. But supposing that the people of Ireland should wake up some fine morning and chant laetare to freedom's goddess, what would be the state of things? There would be our Protestant countrymen still to deal with, and an Irish government to deal with them. In what attitude would we wish them to stand to that government? An attitude of confirmed antagonism that will cause never-ending internal contention, or that will break up the government and betray the country to England at the first opportunity? Hardly. Here again we must win Ulster.

We may as well look at it in this way: The Ulstermen are our countrymen, reasoning from false premises they are our political enemies, on account of ignorance they are our political enemies; but we must enlighten them; we must convince and convert them. Then the problem is very simple. Enlighten! Abusive language is no good for that. Convince! Unreasoning prejudice does not further that. If we wish to convince we must first gain their good will—*Redde auditores benevolos, attentos, dociles*, says Cicero—which we must do by bearing an open mind, and by reducing to practice a few of the truths which we know well enough in theory. Let us learn a lesson of liberality and tact from the country that we live in. The Protestant Ulsterman was once the patriot; he may be so again. Let us look on the bright side of things. Michael Angelo, looking at a fair slab of marble, would say: "I see an angel in that." The coming generation of Ulstermen at any rate is for us a *tabula rasa*, let us not blindly deface it.

EDWARD H. WHELAN.

[NOTE—Our correspondent is entirely wrong when he states, by inference, that THE CITIZEN has not discriminated between Irish Protestants and Irish Orangemen. It has frequently spoken of Catholic, as well as Protestant, Orangemen. An Orangeman, to our mind, is a native-born Irishman, no matter what his creed, who prefers English to Irish rule. If the Orangemen, Protestant or Catholic, don't like our sentiments, we cannot help the matter. God give them grace to see the error of their ways. ED.]

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how the little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty
Or says a thing that's untrue!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not, but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry or sullen or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
Or on may be at the top of the house;
You may be in the dark or silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell!

POLITICAL PRISONER RELEASED.

The Irish prisoner McCullagh, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life for connection with the plot which resulted in the destruction of part of the Tradeston gas works in 1883, has been released from Portland prison, the physicians certifying that his death would result shortly if he was longer confined.

McCullagh states that several of the dynamiters who are confined in Portland prison have become weak-minded. Daly, he says, is quite gray and is utterly broken down. As an instance of the treatment accorded him he declared that when he entered the Pentonville prison, before he was taken to Portland, an officer asked him what his sentence was. He replied that he had been condemned to life imprisonment. The officer replied: "That won't take you long," and kicked him in the back.

The crime for which McCullagh and others were convicted occurred shortly after 10 o'clock on the night of Saturday, Jan. 20, 1883. One of the huge gasometers of the Tradeston gas works, from which the greater part of the south side of the city of Glasgow was supplied, was blown up with terrific report. Much damage was done within the walled boundaries of the works, and also to several private houses in adjacent streets. Eleven persons were more or less injured. A little later an attempt was discovered to have been made at the blowing up of the aqueduct carrying the Forth and Clyde canal across the Possil road, near Maryhill, a suburb of Glasgow.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p.m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Eloquent Lecture on the Subject by the Rev. Professor Henebry of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

He Speaks Before the Irish Literary Society of Liverpool, England—Some Facts Regarding the Language.

The Rev. Professor Henebry, who has just been appointed to the Celtic Chair founded by the Ancient Order of Hibernians at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., addressed a crowded meeting of the Liverpool Irish Literary Society in the lecture room attached to the William Brown Library, Liverpool, last Tuesday week. The reverend professor dealt with the Irish language, and gave a wealth of facts to explain the details of the subject, to show the popular errors about it, and to index the principal Irish scholars of more recent times. The active use of Irish ceased in the seventeenth century, and Dr. Geoffrey Keating was one of the last scholars of that time. Irish glossaries began to appear about the time of the Union, and the discussions at that period on the round towers led to the establishment of the Dublin Gaelic Society in 1808.

This was followed by the Ossianic Society, the Archæological Society, and others, which did more or less good. O'Flanagan and Halliday were the scholars of this movement. Then later on came Eugene O'Curry of Clare and Dr. O'Donovan of South Kilkenny. The latter did a splendid work in translating "The Annals of the Four Masters," which is a storehouse of Irish knowledge. O'Donovan traveled all over Ireland, and recovered the key to the place names and proper names mentioned in this book. He wrote a grammar, a dictionary, and other works. O'Curry worked in manuscripts and texts, and Keltic Irish from an unlimited. O'Donovan learned Irish when he was grown up. The reverend professor then mentioned that Dr. O'Donovan's son was at present residing in Liverpool, and actually studying Irish under Prof. Kuno Mayer of University College.

Then there was Dr. Petrie—his work on the old round towers settles their history. He also wrote on Irish music, and Irish tombs with their inscriptions. These have been edited by Miss Margaret Stokes who herself has written on "Irish Architecture," "Irish Saints in Italy," and her last book, "Wanderings in France," in search of Irish saints. The Irish language is divided into three kinds—modern Irish, middle Irish and ancient Irish. They differ somewhat, and in studying them it is necessary to begin with the modern language, whose idioms when learned render it easier to master middle and ancient Irish.

The available sources for studying old Irish are mostly scattered in libraries over Germany, Italy and Switzerland. They consist largely in words and sentences in Irish, comprising glosses written in Latin, theological, and other books, to make clear, or comment on the meaning. These glosses are the work of the early Irish monks who went over to evangelize Europe. While so many Irishmen have failed to see the value of their own language, Germans, Russians, Swedes and Englishmen have taken up the study. No one was more pleasantly surprised than Dr. O'Donovan when he first came upon the work of the German savants. Among these, perhaps, Prof. Johann Casper Zauss was the most noted. At the present moment a Copenhagen professor was studying Irish in the Isle of Arran.

Old Irish is rich in facts for philology, ethnology, literature, church history and folk-lore, but the only key to old Irish is still held by modern Irish. The literature of hagiology or the lives of the saints is voluminous and almost untouched, waiting for workers. Father O'Growney, of Maynooth, at present, unfortunately, very ill in the United States, has collected a vast mass of modern Irish matter of great value. Dr. Robert Atkinson has been engaged on a new dictionary, toward the publication of which the Royal Irish Academy have given a grant of £200. Dr. Stokes, of Oxford, has also published a dictionary; and Prof. Strachan, of Owen's college, Manchester, one of the most learned of modern Irish scholars, has assisted the science of the grammar by elucidating the difficulties of the Irish deponent verb.

The Book of Kells was instanced as the best known example of perfect illumination and scribe work. The Celtic languages were in two divisions, the Cymric and the Gaelic; the Cymric included Welsh, the language of Wales; Cornish, the now dead language of Devon and Cornwall, which was last spoken in 1720, and Armoric, or the present language of the Bretons. Gaelic included the Irish, the Scotch and the Manx. The Welsh and Irish, although akin, were more distant than English and German. The Welsh and Irish speakers could not easily understand each other. But Irish, Scotch and Manx people can easily understand each other with a little trouble. The language graduates from Waterford around the coast, through Cork and Kerry, Galway, the Isles of Rathlin and Arran, Mayo and Donegal, to the isles and Highlands of Scotland and the Isle of Man. Waterford standing at one end and the Isle of Man at the other of the peculiar differences in the tongue.

No historian can set out to write upon Irish history unless he knows the Irish language, for otherwise he would fail to learn and understand the best points in the many ancient sources awaiting his research. Certain modern Irish writers are apt to build theories of their own by searching for numbers of little facts which appear to support their ideas. Such methods were unfair and unscientific, as was also the way in which it has been theorized that certain customs did not exist because some writer did not mention them. All these mistakes would be corrected if Irish were better known. The reverend professor considered the causes of the language's decay to be principally the educational systems and the apathy of the clergy. The Irish was practically dead as a language for speaking purposes; but what he advocated was that every Irishman should know and take such an intelligent interest in it that it would be fully studied and kept alive in the same way as ancient Greek had been to this day.

A Chicago Christian Brother in Dublin.

Brother Adjutor, of Chicago, an Irishman born near the famous Vale of Avoca, has for over a quarter of a century worked in the cause of Catholic education in the United States. He is a member of the De LaSalle Order of Christian Brothers, which deserves so well of the people of all climes and countries in the field of popular education. He is now in Dublin making his brotherhood known to young men desiring to consecrate themselves to God in the cause of Christian education. He is hopeful of securing many vocations to his institute. Three of his fellow-workers in Chicago are natives of Dublin. To be sons of blessed De LaSalle, who forestalled in the France of two centuries ago all the British educational reformers of today, is no mean ambition. Fifteen thousand brothers in Europe and nearly two thousand in the new world already form an army to which heaven's happy conscription brings daily recruits.

The Spanish Campaign.

The French interests in Spain were left in a most deplorable condition. The populace of Madrid received the hero of the age with coldness, and shut themselves up in their houses to avoid forming a crowd or creating any enthusiasm in the streets. They would not even come out to see the gorgeous military parade which was arranged for their benefit. The gentry and nobility were alike distant and cold. It was clear that Spain could neither be wheedled, cajoled nor threatened into even passive acquiescence in the new conquest. It was essential, therefore, that another course should be tried.

On Dec. 4, Napoleon, in the role of reformer-statesman, pronounced and issued from Chamartin a series of the most thoroughgoing edicts. All feudal privileges, all inter-provincial customs dues, were swept away; the Inquisition was abolished, and the number of convents was reduced to a third. These measures were in themselves most salutary, and struck at the very root of the upas-tree under the baneful shade of which Spain had been slowly perishing. But to do good they must be enforced; there must be a complete military conquest of the country, and a capable administration.

There was neither. The Spanish army had been defeated, but, severe as had been its punishment, its resistance was not destroyed; the occupation of the country was also sadly incomplete, and it made no difference whither French soldiers marched, or what strategic points they held, some kind of Spanish fighting force, no matter how irregular, sprang up behind them and on their sides. The complete military centralization of Prussia had made Jena decisive for the whole loose-jointed territory of that kingdom; the compact territory of Spain and the local independence of her peoples made regular victories utterly fruitless so far as the open country was concerned.—"Life of Napoleon," by W. M. Sloane, in the April Century.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect; admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

(CHAPTER VII—Continued).

On the second day, with "Colum" Long for guide, I made an expedition on foot, seven miles up the Yellow mountain in search of my old guide, Man Heady. Long carried a rifle and I a camera as we worked up the same trail my party had gone over in 1864. We found Headen's cabin locked, but in reply to my "Hello!" came a voice from the hillside above the cornfield.

"Are you Headen?" I cried.

"Yes."

"Well, come down here; you've got just 15 minutes to live."

Those were the words Major Parker had addressed to him one morning after our capture at his house and just before stringing him up three times in the orchard. Soon we saw his long figure coming down through the stalks. Going out at the back of the house to meet him, "Well, Headen," I said, "do you know me?"

"Well, I can't tell you rightly till I get a little nearer." Before quite reaching me he added, "Well, I reckon hit's Henry Shelton."

"Yes," I said, "old man, you are quite right, and I am delighted to see you."

"I hearn tell you was comin," said Headen, "but I allowed you wouldn't git here. What has become of Sill and where is Lamson?"

I wouldn't go into his house until I had posed him on the steps, planted my camera on a bee gum and taken advantage of the sun which was shining clearly through a break in the clouds.

Headen had been separated from his wife for 16 years, and here he was, living alone, making his own butter and keeping his own house on one end of his domain. Several years before, I learned, he had taken up with a morganatic wife, but the court at Webster interfered and after trial sentenced him to a term of imprisonment. A man in Georgia bid off the convict and poor Headen worked out his sentence.

He went up the hill to the old place, with us, to see the old woman and Julia Ann, who lived together on the scene of our capture, in a house which he had been building in 1864, and which was now, in turn, old and weather stained.

The door was open on the porch and entering I stood in the presence of the woman who, 35 years ago, wanted to "stomp the men through the turnpike" and who turned out of bed at all hours of the night to spin. She was totally blind, sitting at the corner of the empty fireplace chewing tobacco and spitting in the ashes. Her yellow face, mottled with white spots, was shaded by a pasteboard sunbonnet standing erect on her head, and her thin fingers were pulling the strings off bean pods, several bushels of which were spread on the floor. After the greeting, in which she said my voice didn't sound "nat'ral," she wanted to know if I was married.

"No," I said, "Mrs. Headen, I am a miserable old bachelor."

"Ah," said she, with a sigh, "that's what all of um says when they come down here from furrin parts."

We persuaded her to be led out into the sunlight by the gatepost, the same cedar sticks I well remembered with the slender bar mortised in the top, and there I photographed the family group.

Then Headen conducted us a mile around the side of Yellow mountain to see the "rock house," where we had been directed to stay the night of the capture, and which we recklessly left because the wind blew the smoke of the fire into our eyes.

Returning down the hill toward Headen's cabin, we stopped to shake hands and say "howdy" to a son, whose wife and children filled the cabin door. This son in the old days was No. 6 in the family bed when we three lieutenants slept on the floor before the fire.

On the rafters of Headen's cabin were great bunches of pennyroyal and summer savory, which he said was "right good for table tea." High up in the corner the clean churn dasher was thrust through the siding. After lunching on cold corn pone and sweet milk we sat on the beanbags and heard the story of his escape, fording the icy Tuckasegee and reaching home half starved in the deep snow, and of his subsequent trip to Tennessee with Knapp and old Tom Hancock. I had brought the old man a wonderful jackknife with endless tools and blades unfolding from the handle, which pleased him greatly.

It was a constant disappointment to find so few of the houses remaining where we had been voluntary and involuntary guests. Old Roderick Norton's, where we spent the first night of our captivity, had been burned soon after the war. Squire Hooper's house in the valley was a hay barn, the apple trees interlacing a thicket of boughs close against the kitchen windows. Rank weeds grew before the open door over which the squire had been wont to keep his rifle and powder flask, but the stanch walls and stone chimneys were as sound as ever they were in the squire's day.

Tom Hancock's house, the first we had entered in the mountains, bereft of its twin structure, was no longer sheltered by tall forest trees, but surrounded by bristling cornstalks and hemmed in by rail fences. An old woman who lived here, without a pane of glass in the windows, allowed us to look in the familiar rooms and at the blackened stone chimney where old Tom had heaped the green wood when we came at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Cashiers valley today, surrounded by its mountain wall, is as little disturbed by the bustle of the outside world as Sleepy hollow was in the days of Ichabod Crane. No one seems to be doing any work except the housewives, who cook and knit and sweep and milk. Only one buggy is owned in the valley, and whoever wishes to ride borrows a mule or a horse of his neighbor. Although the soil is far from strong and very little of it cultivated, everybody seems to have plenty of corn bread, potatoes, fried chicken and cabbage. The land flows with milk and honey, the woods are full of bacon, and the cold mountain streams alive with trout. Here and there a man has strayed away as far as Omaha or New York, but in a year or two he is sure to drift back to the happy, indolent life of the mountains. Log fires cost nobody a penny. The mountains, covered with valuable timber, can be bought for $1 an acre, and $10 is the highest asking price for cleared land in the valley. When the young people go as far as the considerable town of Franklin for better school advantages, they pay $6 and $8 a month for board.

North Carolina exacts a tax of $2 for a marriage license, and to avoid the outlay of this pittance the mountaineers will tramp 50 miles down to the South Carolina line. I heard an amusing story of a youthful pair, rich in affection and poor in money, who were overtaken by a wag from Cashiers valley as they were coming down the slope of the Blue Ridge.

"How far to South Car'lina, capen?" demanded the eager but weary bridegroom.

"You uns done crossed the line 'bout a quarter back," said the Cashiers valley man. "Youse plum in hit now. Keep this yer road 'bout a mile down into the settlement, an thar you uns will find a preacher by the name of Bennet, an he don't ask nary cent for marryin folks. I'll just ride ahead an have everything ready."

Bennet, who had no more authority to perform the ceremony than he had to declare war, stood, spelling book in hand, on a sandy spot in the road when the couple arrived, and concealed behind the fences were several of the neighbors to witness the sport.

"Jine hands," said Bennet. "Hold on! I never seed a gal married in her bare feet. Seein as how you uns is got

HEADEN AT HOME.

to the end of your journey, I 'low the bride better sit plum down an put them shoes on. South Caroliny law says no bride ain't married bein her shoes is tied round her neck endurin the ceremony. An you, young man, jest lay your 'baccy on that rail. Now jine hands. You are goin for to take this gal for better or for worser, for to be your wedded wife. Great Scott! Got a rale gold ring? What'll you uns take for hit? Give you half a dollar. Won't sell hit? All right. Keep a-bolt. You gal, you 'cept him for your old man an swar to milk the cows an feed the young ones? All right, friends. You uns is plum hitched. John, you kiss the bride. Now go home, an good luck to you."

Mine host Hooper, who had witnessed the scene, came to think that it was rather a serious joke and told Bennet that he had gone a little too far. Whereupon Bennet waxed exceedingly wroth and declared that his reputation was as good as any man's in the settlement, and he wouldn't have his integrity impeached. A week later Hooper handed a note to the mail rider informing the happy couple that the ceremony was a fraud, and that Colum Long and Jack Davis were the practical jokers who had victimized them. The mail rider found the girl's mother at the postoffice and left her the maddest woman on Chunky Gal mountain. A few evenings thereafter as Hooper was sitting on his porch along came the same pair from the south, re-enforced by the bride's father. "Can't you give us somethin to eat, neighbor?" said the old man. "I allow my gal is rightly married now. Whar's them varmints, Colum Long and Jack Davis? I 'low to put the law on to them."

"We're powerful hungry," said the boy. "Slep' out on Timber mountain las' night."

"Oh, now, shoo," said the bride. "We didn't do no such thing—jes' been a-walkin all the time."

The party was fed and the old man pacified and advised that it would be better to keep the matter quiet and prevent unpleasant gossip up Chunky Gal way.

On Saturday afternoon I walked two miles over a charming mountain road to spend the night with Monroe Hooper, one of the most daring of the outliers in war times, a member of the Ninth Tennessee volunteers, who, with his brother Mack, was sent back on the Tuckasegee with recruiting papers—the same Monroe who, with Sill and Lamson secure in the laurel, had stood out on the rock overlooking the forks of the river watching the sheriff's 300 in pursuit of them. A comfortable house, with spacious barns and outhouses, was surrounded by a fruitful and well cultivated farm. Through the side yard flowed a clear mountain stream overgrown with laurel and grapevines and full of trout in the spring. Near the house a broad granite rock sloped into the stream, with hearts and names cut in its surface, and here by the never failing water was the family wash place, with iron kettle for boiling clothes and a wooden paddle for beating them on the rock.

On Sunday morning we were to start for the forks of the Tuckasegee, I to see Mack, my old guide from Shooting Creek to Tennessee, and the others to keep on to Webster for the opening of the court, which meets twice a year, and for the further excitement of a political tournament between the two candidates for congress. When we went out to the barn to start, I expected to throw my bag and camera into a wagon, but was surprised to find that we had but one saddle mule between us. At Cashiers valley we were joined by Reilly Hooper, with a saddle horse and another mule. I transferred my seat from Monroe's mule to the horse, and with my traps in a pair of capacious saddlebags thrown across the saddle and cushioned with my overcoat we started for a ride of 20 miles.

The left fork of the Tuckasegee flows through a gap in the mountains, the road sometimes far above the sound of its tumbling waters. The high peaks are covered to the base with massive timber. Superb specimens of the ash, hemlock and poplar rear their straight trunks toward the light and darken the mountain side with their shade. Logging camps are scattered along the stream, and we passed frequently by logways where the timber is snaked down incredibly steep places by long strings of cattle and rolled into the stream. When a freshet comes, the logs go whirling along, many of them to lodge on projecting rocks and then wait for the next period of high water. Here and there queer, picturesque little grist mills are built on the mountain branches flowing into the river.

During the latter part of the ride the rain fell steadily, wetting us below our coats and soaking through our shoes, and here the moonshiner's whisky filled its useful place and made us think the rain a delightful variation in the monotony of fair days. A mile before reaching our destination I pushed on ahead of the others, eager to see my old guide.

Mack was at Sunday school. Rather funny place, I thought, for that reckless, harebrained guide, who in former times on Shooting creek would as soon strike an enemy as help a friend. By this time the others had arrived in the porch, and our hostess, who was a shouting Methodist, had opened a lively attack on poor Reilly, who had lately joined the Episcopal church. As I turned myself round and round at the fire I heard her tell him through the window that "there was no way you could get around regeneration."

Presently Mack came in, surprising me with a figure too tall and spare for the broad shouldered and stoutly built Mack I expected to see. Perhaps my memory was at fault after so many years, as I had already found it in other particulars.

"I know your face," he said. "Jest give me a little time. When your party, under guard of Parker's men, crossed over the fork just above the mill on to the Webster road, I came to you out of the bushes and talked with you and Sill. Don't you remember that?"

I didn't remember the circumstance, but it was precisely what Major Sill had told me before leaving New York.

"Yes, I remember you, sure," he continued. "I mind jest how you stood while we was a-talkin. You looked sort of heerless like. I told you if you could get away to come straight to me, and we would get you through to Tennessee. I told you to look carefully at the mountain tops so as to be able to find the place again."

I had always believed this to be the same Mack Hooper who had guided me from Shooting Creek to London. This Mack had exchanged part of his clothes with Sill and Lamson on the rocks during the excitement of the Watson affair, and when I first met my guide he had been wearing Lamson's coat. This Mack had staid with the Kitchens in Shooting Creek and knew all the people there whom I inquired after. He had guided Union officers through to Tennessee, but the incidents I mentiond he could not recall. Did he remember dodging under the bed at Mrs. Kitchen's when the two rebel officers came and surprised me reading by the fire? This was the crucial test, and he showed none of the enthusiasm I expected. Then it transpired that there was another Mack Hooper who lived in White county, Ga., who was short and stout, as I remembered my guide, and whom they called "Fool Mack," not from any lack of brains, but in token of his reckless bravado.

All the men went on to Webster at daylight the next morning, and I was left with my camera and sketchbook to pass a long, sunny day rambling about the scenes of my former visit. The old fashioned house, with its broad roof and deep porches, which I had so longed to see again as it was when we drank Major Parker's apple jack by the great fireplace, was transformed into a barn. In the center of this structure the log walls of the main house, stripped of weatherboarding, still remained. Climbing up over the hay and stalks I found the single window of the upper story where Lieutenant Sill and I had slept, and where we had been awakened by the loud talk that preceded the thrice hanging of Headen. By this window it was possible to locate the front of the house and coming down to the yard I easily walked to the place at the branch where we had found the Georgians washing when the hanging party came in from the orchard. A dozen fence rails thrown in the bed of the little stream were crushed and splintered by the passage of the laden wagons from the cornfield. The orchard was gone and the fences changed, but the same blue mountains looked down on the valley in the same morning sunshine.

Just above the union of the two branches of the Tuckasegee a picturesque wooden bridge spans the stream, and on the arched roadway between the log ramparts broad patches of sunlight found their way through the overhanging trees. At the house just across the bridge I found a namesake and sprung my trusty camera on the old lady almost in the shadow of Shelton mountain. A little farther up the east fork and just below the point of our crossing was a rare old mill built into the bank at the end of a log dam, over which the sparkling water tumbled and foamed under the undershot wheel which turned the gearing of the slab covered sawmill extension.

At a cabin I met two men who had been present with the company that had captured us at Headen's.

Passing the point where on New Year's day in 1864 we came upon the four dead Watsons with their wives wailing over their remains, "There," said my guide, "just beyond that apple tree in the cornfield is the place where you saw the bodies."

THE END.

Safe and Simple Well Digging.

A farmer who had experienced no little trouble in getting a well dug because of the softness of the soil and the danger of caving has tried a plan that not only works admirably, but is absolutely safe, and can be carried on by the veriest greenhorn in existence. Any man who knows enough to wield a pick and shovel can, under intelligent direction, make a success of well digging. A section of sewer pipe about five feet in diameter was set upon the ground and over into this the workmen climbed. A derrick with pulleys and hoisting appliances was rigged over this pipe. The workmen shoveled the earth into buckets, which were drawn up and emptied on the outside. When the hole was as large as the pipe, the earth was scraped out to allow the pipe to settle. This was kept up until one section was some distance below the surface of the ground; then another section was added. The weight of this and the constant jarring assisted in carrying the pipe down into the earth as the soil below was removed.

A quicksand that had given serious trouble to well diggers in the neighborhood was reached, and in the most surprisingly short time the pipe settled through it and struck terra firma. Then the quicksand was bailed out and the work went on. Of course more or less of the quicksand worked in from the bottom, but by careful management no special annoyance was experienced. A ledge of rock was struck, and this was drilled through in the usual fashion, blasting being out of the question, as that would shatter the pipe. The well when finished was over 40 feet deep, and the pipe was anchored upon a flat sandstone base. After a few days it was pumped out, and only a few bucketfuls of sand were found in the bottom. After two or three pumpings the well was entirely cleared, and the supply of delicious water was unfailing.—New York Ledger.

Curious Habits of Lizards.

The lizard family has many queer and remarkable habits, but none of these antics will compare with that known to the naturalist as "shooting the tail." All species of lizards are born cowards, but the effects of fear are not the same among the different members of the family. As an illustration I will say that there is one variety of the lizard family (the so called "horned toad") which, when excited, spurts a fine stream of blood from a duct situated just above the eye. Another variety, an inhabitant of Australia (naturally bluish black in color), turns suddenly white and appears to be perfectly paralyzed the moment it finds itself confronted by real or imaginary danger. The most curious habit of all, however, and one which is possessed by a large per cent of the entire lizard family, is that of voluntarily amputating the tail if suddenly surprised by one of its many enemies. The lizard's habit of ridding itself of the caudal appendage under such circumstances reminds me that the lobster always drops or sheds its claws in the time of thunderstorms. In fact, anything that excites or irritates the lobster will cause a similar exhibition of this peculiar power. The lizard which amputates or purposely drops the tail when scared does not become paralyzed, like his Australian brother, but hurries away as fast as the four legs will carry the tailless body. The amputated tail is left to the mercy of the enemy. It lies on the ground, floundering like a fish. This attracts the attention of the pursuer, which makes a meal of the amputated member while the body is escaping to a place of safety.—St. Louis Republic.

Summer In Alaska.

One of the pleasant features of the brief Alaskan summer is the amazing number of mosquitoes that swarm everywhere. Miners from the Yukon fields say they are compelled to wear veils and gloves when working with pick and shovel, and at night the tent in which they sleep must be full of thick smoke from green logs or wet leaves in order to make it at all possible to sleep. To the newcomers the smoke prevents sleep about as effectually as do the mosquitoes, and it is almost a "stand off" which is worse.—New York Sun.

Height of the Atmosphere.

It is impossible for a human being to breathe at a height greater than seven miles above the earth.

UNENDING.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs;
There is an end to laughter and to tears,
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears,
An end to enmity's foul libeling
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword.
The empire now is but like him—a name.
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame.
Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men; to them we bend.
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see.
The glorious shows of nature pass and pass.
Quickly they come; as quickly do they flee,
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend.
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

—All the Year Round.

NEW JERSEY'S OLDEST HOUSE.

Built at Lyons Farms by the Original Meeker Who Left Connecticut.

The old Meeker house, at Lyons Farms, is claimed by that family to be the oldest house in New Jersey—not one of the oldest, but the oldest. It is now occupied by William Gummon, who is a lineal descendant of the original Meeker, who held his patent from the crown.

There is an amusing incident connected with this patriarch which gave rise to the building of the house in question. He was originally of the Connecticut colony, and, being the owner of a small sloop, his fishing excursions sometimes extended far into the Sabbath day. This did not meet with the ideas of those days, so he was fined several times, and more severe punishment was threatened if he did not attend divine worship regularly and cease his labors on the Lord's day.

But one dark night Meeker placed all his goods on board his boat and sailed away. He settled in New Jersey and there erected the house which still stands. The precise year in which it was built is not known, but one of Mr. Gummon's ancestors was born there in 1677.

The roof of this curious old farmhouse has been renewed many times, but the side walls of cedar shingles remain as they were put on by the old man, with hand wrought nails, more than two centuries ago and are yet in very fair condition. Inside some rooms are wainscoted with tulip poplar. The ceilings are low. The double doors still swing on the strap hinges which first held them in position, while other surroundings are in strict keeping with the antiquated appearance of the place.

Beside the well sweep stands a large stone, hollowed out like a basin, in which many generations have cleansed their hands and faces at the well after the fashion of former times.—New York Herald.

Cork Pavement.

The various discouragements which some of the European cities have met with in securing satisfactory street pavements have led to somewhat extensive and, it would appear, encouraging experiments with what is called cork pavement, from the fact that cork is the most prominent and essential ingredient in the amalgam of which it is composed. The pavement used in Vienna consists of granulated cork mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive substances, compressed into blocks of suitable size and form. Among the numerous advantages set forth in its behalf are cleanliness, noiselessness, durability, elasticity, freedom from slipperiness, whether wet or dry, and moderate cost. Unlike wood, too, it is nonabsorbent and consequently inodorous. It presents the minimum resistance to traction, and being elastic under passing loads does away with the vibration caused by heavy teaming. The blocks are imbedded in tar and rest upon a concrete base six inches thick. When taken up for examination, they have exhibited, when compared with new ones, a reduced thickness by wear of less than one-eighth inch, this in the case of a section of a London street leading to the Great Eastern railway station, subjected to continuous heavy traffic, the blocks having been in use nearly two years.

No Time to Tie Shoes.

At one of the large thread factories, where some hundreds of girls are employed, a rule has been made that they shall wear only buttoned shoes. It was found that those who were the other sort stopped their work a number of times each day to tie the laces that constantly came undone. In the case of one girl the minutes lost would not have been of any great consequence, but when it came to deducting the same amount of time for each of the 300 or 300 it was found that the daily loss was considerable.—New York Journal.

How the Tickets Were Used.

Miss Prim—You didn't bring your little girls to the Sunday school entertainment.

Mrs. Fussy—No, I didn't dare to. There's so much measles and scarlet fever around, you know. But the tickets were not wasted.

"No?"

"No; I gave them to the little boy next door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Here is an excellent method of removing grease spots from a waxed floor: Pour spirits of turpentine on the spot and give it time to soak into the wood. Then cover with powdered talc and press with a warm but not very hot iron. The talc will absorb the grease. Brush off and polish the place anew with wax.

The surest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, is fraught with poison.—Beecher.

"To be in a brown study" is a corruption of brow study, a study requiring much thought and contraction of the brows.

SOME ANIMAL HUNTERS.

Strategy by Which California Coyotes Run Down a Jack Rabbit.

An Indian will often take a deer's trail, when deer are scarce, and follow it for days, preventing the deer from feeding or resting and making it so weary and careless that in the end he kills it by a shot at short range. Probably the Indians first learned to follow a deer in this fashion from observing the habits of wolves, panthers and other wild and tireless trailers of game.

The coyote is not so strong a wolf as its big gray cousin in Maine and other wolf countries. Nevertheless he has been known to run the jack rabbit down as surely as death, but in a more expeditious way than the Maine animal adopted. Whether it is a habit or not of the coyotes to run jack rabbits in pairs cannot be said for certain, but a story was told some time ago in a well known sportsman's paper which, being backed by a similar story of English foxes, has every appearance of being truthful.

The two coyotes were seen to jump a rabbit one day out in California on a mesa. One of the coyotes took after it on the dead jump, the other trotted to a near by rise and lay down, with its nose on its paws, knowing that the rabbit would surely circle. Pretty soon along came the jack rabbit with the other coyote behind, both going full tilt. Up jumped the waiting coyote, and away it went after the rabbit, while the other dropped out of the chase and waited, as its companion had done, to take the trail on the rabbit's return. It was not long before the rabbit was exhausted by the strategy and endurance of both the animals of prey and soon fell an easy victim to be eaten by both the hunters.

J. B. Bennet of Brooklyn saw a fox early one morning lying beside the open, narrow gate of a rabbit proof fence that surrounded a 40 acre plantation not far from the Marquis of Queensberry's game preserve in Scotland. Looking over into the inclosure, he saw another fox chasing the rabbits that had entered the open gate to get at the cabbages there. The rabbits—eight or ten of them—were headed for the gate and running like "cutty sarks." When one plunged through the gateway, the fox lying alongside it leaped and had it by the back of the neck in a jiffy. Then the foxes tore the rabbit to pieces and "enjoyed the feast like honest sportsmen."—New York Sun.

WHERE JOHN BULL GOT HIS NAME.

Story of the Origin of Great Britain's Usual Nickname.

John Bull, the mythical personage supposed to represent the English people and now figuring largely in our editorial writing and in cartoons, was the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great Duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Arbuthnot was "the first man among sufficient writers in Queen Anne's time." He drew John Bull as the typical Englishman—a stout, red faced old farmer, far too corpulent for comfort, choleric, but withal an honest and well meaning fellow. He clothed him in leather breeches and topboots, put a stout oaken cudgel in his hand and a bulldog at his heels and set him up for all time to serve as the representative Englishman.

He may have been not so bad a caricature in the days of Queen Anne, but today certainly there is much force in Leslie Stephen's remark that "he completely hides the Englishman of real life." The average Englishman of today is physically no stouter certainly than—probably not so stout as—the average American, and the stout cudgel and the bulldog are no longer apt symbols of the modern Britisher's disposition. He has lost the excessive pugnacity of his forefathers and is, above all, anxious to keep the peace with his Uncle Samuel.—Baltimore Sun.

Family Pets and Women.

The family of the late General McClellan were devoted to animals. Indeed Miss McClellan carried her devotion so far that she used to take her white mice (which were named, by the way, after the kings of the ancient Egyptian dynasties) to the Italian opera, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Crugerdid her celebrated turtle, Mlle. Michette, which, attired in its rosy colored sash, used to be brought in on a tray by the butler to show to casual callers. When the McClellans' house down town was burned some years ago, the family pets included an elderly and infirm cat, Samuel J. Tilden by name. Mrs. McClellan stood on the sidewalk watching the destruction of her household goods and exclaimed in great anxiety, "Oh, where is Samuel?" A kindly fireman overheard her. "Do not fear, madam, the children will be all saved."

It is pleasant to record that Samuel was rescued uninjured.—New York Journal.

The "Electric Magnet."

Annie May Abbott, the famous "electric magnet," whose feats of strength created a considerable sensation some years ago, is amusing herself now with the strong men of China and Japan. The Japanese wrestlers, whose physical strength is celebrated the world over, were unable to raise Miss Abbott from the floor, while with the tips of her fingers she neutralized their most strenuous efforts to lift light objects, such as a cane from a table. The Japanese papers say this is hypnotism, while the Chinese journals accuse her of being in league with the powers of evil.

D'Aumale's Return.

One of the friends of the Duc d'Aumale the other day, in talking to the prince of the coming marriage of the second daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the son of Marshal MacMahon, referred to its possible political effects. "Yes," said the former commander of the Seventh corps, "we have been forbidden to give our sons to the army, so we give our daughters."

SALVATION RUPTURE

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER PUBLISHES THE FACTS

As They Appear in the Letters Containing the Resignation of Ballington Booth and the Reasons Therefor, Bramwell Booth's Reply Thereto and the Old General's Final and Unravelling Appeal to His Son to Go and Consult with Him.

NEW YORK, April 21.—An official statement has been issued from the headquarters in this country of the Salvation Army, signed by Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker as joint commanders of the Army in the United States, giving the history of the trouble with Ballington Booth, not by statements of their own, but by the publication of the original letters of the parties to the dispute. In a note introducing the letters they say it was not their desire to make public these letters, but "since the statement of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth to the papers on April 13, and taking into consideration the previous charges they have made with reference to their alleged non-resignation and enforced dismissal, we feel that it behooves us to print the following letters.

Ballington's Letter of Resignation.

"The first of these is the letter of resignation, which Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth sent to the international headquarters on receiving the confirmation of their change of command, and contains the whole of the alleged "twenty-two reasons," although he has not so numbered them, for severing themselves from the Salvation Army. Whatever subsequent accusations Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth may see fit to bring forward, it must still be remembered that the letter in question contains the whole reasons given to us at the date of their resignation as the cause of their withdrawal." Ballington's letter of resignation is dated Jan. 31, 1896, and would make over two columns of matter. It is practically the same as to his reasons for resignation as he gave in his letter to the public printed a week ago, and complains bitterly of the way General Booth treated Ballington and the Army in general over here on his last visit.

Charges His Father with Hypocrisy.

The letter charges the general with pure hypocrisy in that he, it alleges, made much of notable people who were on the platform with him, and then behind their backs said he despised these outsiders. A summary of the reasons for the resignation of Ballington and his wife is given in the "fifthly" as follows: "We feel that any territory we entered for another command we should be fettered and shackled at every turn, and that the same actions of the general towards us would be repeated by him on his visiting our territory. We do not believe that we could ever go through another tour for him, nor do we feel that God calls us to suffer at the general's hands unjustly the constant treatment, which would only embitter us, to say nothing of the ill and unfortunate impression it would make upon those who witnessed it; such as was made by his visit here. People live in fear of the general. Therefore they keep their mouths shut. They know that if they speak a word they would be cast out of the Army, which they dearly love for principle sake; so to remain Salvationists they keep back their true feelings from you."

Will Try to Prevent Secession.

This letter concludes as follows: "We have not taken advantage of the confidence of the troops and the public and retained this command, though undoubtedly many would have thought it the wisest for the country and the Army here. We resolve to follow God's guidance for our own lives, and leave with the general the responsibility of its future. If we can avoid it not a man shall leave. We shall be glad if you will have your new commissioners early on the ground, as we do not want a prolongation of this unsettlement for the troops or for ourselves. We shall ever appreciate the efforts of yourself and dear Emma, and love the family and the Army, and ever retain the highest regard for the general's hard work and zeal."

Fifth of the Whole Letter.

The burden of the letter is, first, that the general did not treat Ballington and his wife right when he visited this country, but found continual fault with their work; second, that the Ballington Booths were not consulted in the matter of running the American campaign nor their recommendations adopted; third, that they have concluded that the scheme as formulated by the general is not suited for the American work—that the management by an absolute commander-in-chief is not the right way to conduct the work. In short that they were out of sympathy with the methods of the Salvation Army.

BRAMWELL BOOTH MAKES REPLY.

Tells Ballington He Knew the Change Was To Be Made and Said Nothing.

Bramwell Booth's reply would make six or seven columns. To his brother's complaint that he had no personal notification from the general that he was to be transferred the reply is that Ballington knew the change was contemplated and did not write a line to the general. As to the general question of discipline Bramwell says: "The order to farewell reached you, you say, at a time when you cannot declare that you feel it has been wisely planned. I am very sorry that this should be so. But I do not see how to help such occasions arising. If there is to be a general at all, if there is to be a government of any kind in the Salvation Army, that government will have to decide such matters. You know what you say to a field or a division officer who does not think you have planned his change wisely? You tell him to trust in God and in his leaders, and to go straight on with his instructions."

Further along Bramwell says: "You do not think the general loves or understands America, or has planned this change of your appointment in its interest. Well, I am sorry you do not think so. I assure you I have good ground for knowing that he both loves and understands America well. He loved it, if you will allow me to say so, before you did, and visited and studied it before you did, and make sacrifices for it before you did. And began to suner for it before you did. I must say that I do not think that such criticisms of the general's relations to any country are either seemly or wise in your mouths."

With reference to the issue of regulations which commissioners are required "to enforce though they are not consulted and have nothing to do with the making of the same," Bramwell calls attention to the fact that the organization is an "army" and that it is peculiarly the province of the commander-in-chief of an army to command it absolutely. But he adds, with reference to Ballington's complaint that he was not consulted, that he (Ballington) was begged by the general to go to England for the express purpose of such consultation.

Reverting to the charge that the general acted the hypocrite with reference to the outsiders (American notables) who appeared on the platforms with him in America Bramwell says: "Now if this means anything at all, it means that the general is a public liar and sham. That he professes on the platform one thing and practices quite another—that he is seeking the applause of men whom in his heart he despises. I say it is a monstrous and shameful slander. That he is known in all the world to have been the one man among all others of his time who has gone dead against every form of flattery and aggrandizement the world and the church have to give. That no man lives who could have had it all, and this in a world-wide sense, more than he could, and that no man lives who more constantly and fearlessly stands up and proclaims unpalpable truths to the rich and noble and powerful classes, it does not require to be argued—everybody knows it is so."

THE OLD GENERAL'S LETTER.

Pathetic Plea to His Son to Go to England and See Him.

The last letter is from General Booth himself. He reviews the foregoing correspondence and says: "After reading every word you have written, and studying the question long and anxiously, I deliberately say that I can find no such justification as will stand the scrutiny of reasonable men or, in my opinion, pass muster at the bar of God." He asks his son to go and talk the matter over with him, and closes as follows: "I know that this is a boastful age of what men call freedom. We have got a long way back toward the days of old when 'every man did that which was right in his own eyes,' but still there is after all a universal instinct that something is due from a son to his father—parental claims have still the sanction of mankind, even though mankind has largely left out God. * * *

"I have had much opportunity of judging, and I am sure that no good man can be happy in a course which does not commend itself to his own conscience and to the consciences of other good men who know the facts. When your friends point to my action in 1863 as in any way resembling yours of today, they only display their folly by speaking of what they are entirely ignorant. The church I left had done nothing for me. To it I had made no pledges of life service. I only retired after waiting four years in order that my wishes might be considered, and when I went out I made no complaints, I wrote to no newspapers, I issued no circulars. * * *

"But I leave all that, and come back to where I began—you are my son. I can never give you up while I am on this side of the valley, and once more I ask you to come and see me. That cannot be unreasonable or unkind. It is, you must admit, according to common sense and common honor, and to the first commands of Jesus Christ. Bring Maudie and come, and do not listen to the lying tongues of those who would oppose so natural a course. They only want to use you to pull down our own work and to wound your father's heart, or at the best to gain their selfish ends.

"Oh! Ballington, Ballington! You cannot be in your right reason. The whole thing is like a horrid dream. Again and again I ask myself, 'Is this a reality or an imagination?' For your own sake hesitate! think! return! The worst can yet be averted. The past may yet be forgiven. Believe me to be still your affectionate father praying for you all the time.

"WILLIAM BOOTH"

"P. S.—I have just received your cruel cable refusing to come and see me, and coldly announcing that all negotiations are at an end. Bramwell says it cost you a dollar. Is this all the return you can make to my repeated messages of peace and to Bramwell's long letters, and all our entreaties? No! It cannot be. Negotiations cannot end here."

FATAL TORNADO IN OHIO.

Two Persons Killed and a Number of Others Injured—Property Destroyed.

FREMONT, April 21.—A tornado accompanied by a heavy rainfall swept over the northwestern part of Sandusky county about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, killing two persons, injuring a number of others, and doing great damage to buildings and other property. The tornado came from the southwest with great fury, and every building and tree in its path was swept away. After smashing a road bridge and blowing a big tree across a Wheeling and Lake Erie freight train, which crushed the caboose and came near killing a number of train men, the wind began playing havoc with farm buildings.

The barns of Jacob Engler, J. Heflinger, Upton Burgoon and Anthony Swint first went down before it. Then the house of James Greene was destroyed. Greene's aged father, William L. Greene, was killed outright; his wife was unhurt, James Green, a son, lived just across the road. His house was demolished and his wife fatally injured and the baby carried across the road in its cradle. The child escaped uninjured. Next the barn of Amos Hetrick, in which Hetrick and John Low were shearing scheep, was crushed. Low was blown across a field against a tree, being instantly killed.

Other buildings destroyed were the barns of Al Fairchild, William Hensel, Perry Parish, George Waggoner, and Charles Tucker. Tucker's child was badly hurt. At Booktown, a hamlet near here, nearly all the buildings were destroyed, but there was no loss of life. The storm covered a wide track and it is possible that further damage will be reported.

The damage in this locality will be fully $100,000 to stock and farm property.

Killed on a Railway Crossing.

BUFFALO, N. Y., 15.—Two men were killed on the New York Central, near Looneyville—John Leininger and Peter Pretzoller of Lancaster. They were returning from a hunting trip behind a young horse, when they were struck and instantly killed by the west-bound fast mail.

Arola Hot After Maceo.

HAVANA, April 21.—General Arola is pursuing Maceo in Pinar del Rio with indefatigable energy, hardly allowing his troops time to sleep. A decisive breakdown on the part of the insurgents is confidently expected here by the authorities.

Situation at Bulawayo.

LONDON, April 21.—The news from Bulawayo is that the town is still safe, though hourly expecting an attack or that the road by which help must come will be blocked by the Matabele.

WENT DOWN IN A SQUALL.

Fishing Schooner Wrecked and Nine of Her Crew Lost.

NEW YORK, April 20.—A special to The Press from New Bedford, Mass., says: Nine Gloucester fishermen were lost off Long Island on Friday night when the fishing schooner J. W. Campbell, of Gloucester, was sunk in a squall. The seven survivers arrived here last night to tell the story. They were brought into port by the tug Gladiator from the schooner Norman, which picked them up after they had spent the entire night and day in an open boat without food. The names of those lost are: Captain Robert Smith, John McGuire, Frank Sylvia, Thomas Rogers, George Ela, William McAllister, Abel McCormey, George Graham and Charles Doherty—all of Gloucester. The sinking of the Campbell was remarkable in several respects. The fatal squall was one of the most sudden and terrific in the memory of the surviving seamen. It was all over in about a minute. It happened so quickly and there was so little warning that there was no time to avert calamity or provide for escape.

As it was it seems remarkable that there was a single survivor. The escape seemed but a trick of fate. When the squall struck her the vessel careened under the terrible blow and all realized that their lives were in danger. Seven of the sixteen sailors quickly clambered up the masts. No sooner had they done so than a second and far more powerful gust of wind struck the craft and seemed to lift it bodily out of the sea. Then, as if in a mighty grasp, the vessel was wrenched and given a sudden twist with such violence that the masts snapped off even with the deck, like toothpicks, and were hurled far away from the reach of the vortex made by the ship as she fell back into the water and sank like a piece of lead.

This is the story as told by the survivors. They left New York at 8 o'clock Friday night and the squall struck them soon afterward. There was not the slightest warning. The wind was blowing only about two knots and everything seemed favorable for a smooth trip. After the squall subsided the moon came out and by its light the seven survivors who still clung to the masts, in spite of the awful shock of being thrown through the air and striking the water as they did, were able to find a dory in which they climbed after bailing it out. All night long and all the next day they drifted helplessly about the sound without food or water. Then they were picked up by the schooner Normal.

MINE MAGAZINE BLOWS UP.

Seven Miners Sent to Eternity by the Blast and Six Badly Wounded.

NIEHAT, Mont., April 20.—An explosion occurred in the Broadway mine at 1:15 o'clock in the morning by which seven men lost their lives and six others are seriously hurt. The dead are: Frank Doran, W. J. Morrison, Hugh McKenzie, Dan O'Leary, D. H. Rose, John Cairns and James T. Gallagher. Seriously wound: Joseph Dercon, James Connelly, George Dorán, Charles Smith, Mike Tobin and Matt Brown. Several others were bruised and cut.

The accident occurred in the powder magazine. Frank Doran was looking after the powder when the explosion occurred. It is supposed that his candle must have ignited some powder. He was found twenty feet from the magazine, in another drift, and must have seen the danger and tried to escape. The men had just finished eating their midnight luncheon and were on their way back to work. Thirty of them had to pass this magazine, and it exploded as about half of them were past. Those in the center were the dead and seriously wounded. The mine is badly caved in. Superintendent Cooney says there could not have been over thirty pounds of powder in the magazine at the time.

Carlisle at Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 16.—Hon. John G. Carlisle spoke on the currency question at the Auditorium last night before an audience that filled the great hall to the utmost. The address was delivered under the auspices of the laboring men of Chicago, and they were there in full force, nearly three-quarters of the crowd being working men. Many local Democrats were anxious to obtain an interview with Carlisle on the political situation in Kentucky, but he firmly declined to talk politics in any way. He said that he had come to Chicago to make an address on the currency question, and that nothing could induce him to talk politics. His address was greeted with much applause and gave great satisfaction to his hearers.

Waller at the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—Ex-United States Consul Waller came to the state department Monday in company with Paul Bray, his stepson. He had a short interview with Assistant Secretary Adee and another with Chief Chilton of the consular bureau, and will endeavor to see Secretary Olney later in the week. Meanwhile he has gone to Baltimore to deliver the first of a course of lectures on Madagascar, which will involve a tour of the states.

Son Testifies Against His Mother.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 18.—In the trial of George Baxter for the murder of his wife his son, Howard Baxter, a boy of 17, testified in defense of his father and blackened the character of his mother. He stated that on numerous occasions his mother had been out in company with other men, and that she said she would get rid of his father if she could and, if in no other way, she would kill him.

THE DEATH RECORD.

BARON DE GRIMM, the well known cartoonist, at New York.

ADOLPH SECKEL, prominent board of trade man, at Chicago.

CHARLES G. PERKINS, well known attorney, at Chicago.

ED PARDRIDGE, the noted board of trade plunger, at Chicago.

Judge PHILEMON B. EWING, at Lancaster, O.

General LEVI CLARK BOOLES, United States army (retired), at Wilmington, Del.

JOHN STETSON, the well-known theatrical manager, at Boston.

JACOB BUDD, wealthy farmer and landowner, at Millbrook, Ills.

GILBERT L. ELLIOTT, well-known railway man, at South Bend, Ind.

Ex-Governor POREMAN, at Parkersburg, W. Va.

AUSTIN ABBOTT, L. L. D., at New York.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Telegraphic Items Received from Various Portions of the State Which Will Let the Readers Know What Is Going On—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters.

CHICAGO, April 20.—Two hangings will take place in Chicago May 15. The men who will be executed are: Nic Marzen, sentenced for the killing of Fritz Holzheuter. A. C. Fields, sentenced for the brutal murder of Mrs. Ellen Randolph. Marzen's attempt Saturday to induce Judge Smith to grant him a new trial was futile and his honor pronounced sentence on the man, fixing the day of the execution as May 15, the day on which A. C. Fields is to die on the scaffold.

DEMOCRATS TO MEET AT PEORIA.

Statement That the Illinois Free Silver Men Won the Fight.

CHICAGO, April 21.—Peoria and free silver won out at yesterday's meeting of the Democratic state central committee. By a vote of 21 to 9 the committee decided to hold the state convention at Peoria, Tuesday, June 23. And because Peoria was chosen the political wiseacre says it is a silver victory, the gold men on the committee being for Springfield. The aforesaid wiseacre also says that the only crumb of comfort the gold men got out of the meeting was the apportionment of delegate representation on the Cleveland vote of 1892, which gives Cook county 362 delegates out of a total of 1,069. This is what the anti-silver faction earnestly desired, and the 16-to-1 men acceded to their request, stating that the more delegates in the convention the better it would be for Altgeld and silver.

Danger in Jumping the Rope.

ELGIN, Ills., April 21.—There seems to have been a mania prevalent among the school girls here of late for jumping the rope, the main feature being to outdo each other in high and long continued jumping. Miss Marguerite Ellis, 15 years of age, has just died after two weeks' terrible suffering from internal injuries caused by her attempt to excel in rope jumping on hard concrete walks. Another similar case, it is said, is likely to prove fatal.

Supervisors Are Not Omnipotent.

TUSCOLA, Ills., April 18.—The suit of Miss Mamie Bunch, superintendent of the schools of Douglas county, has been decided, Judge Vail, of the circuit court, ordering the supervisors to pay her the salary they were withholding because she refused to produce vouchers from the teachers she had visited while attending to her duties. They had passed a resolution requiring her to do so, but she ignored it.

Woman's Ticket Elected.

CHENOA, Ills., April 20.—Edward M. Pike was re-elected president and E. D. Churchill, Jr., and Mrs. Jane Martin were re-elected members of the board of education at the election here Saturday. Two tickets were in the field, one of men only, but the woman's ticket was elected. A large number of woman voted and a heavy vote was polled.

State Notes.

Joseph Stolba, 52 years old, a real estate dealer of Chicago, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid at his home. He had been in ill health and despondent over business reverses.

Flowing artesian water has been obtained in Cairo, Ills., at a depth of 507 feet, after passing through 135 feet of rock.

George F. Kellogg, for twenty years connected with the Rockford, Ills., Insurance company, the past thirteen years as assistant secretary in charge of the farm department, has resigned.

At the school election Saturday at Charleston, Ills., women voted in large numbers.

Forty-five children, so far as reported, were born in Chicago Feb. 29 last. Their next birthday will be eight years hence.

LI HUNG CHANG PREPARED.

The Eminent Chinese Statesman Carries His Coffin with Him.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—Edward Evans of Shanghai, China, who was among the passengers on the steamer Gaelic, says that Li Hung Chang, the eminent viceroy, now on his way to Moscow to attend the coronation of the czar took with him on his trip a casket in which he expects to be buried when he dies.

"It is not an unusual thing for Chinese to buy their own coffins and keep them in their houses the same as any other article of furniture until they shuffle off the mortal coil," he said. "To carry a coffin with one's self on a long journey to guard against any inconveniences in case of death may seem ridiculous to Americans, but that Li Hung Chang has done this I know to be a fact. I have the story from a missionary in China who was engaged by Li Hung Chang to accompany him on the voyage, but who gave up the trip at the last moment."

Postmistress Under Arrest.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—The United States postal authorities have received a telegram from Harrison, Ark., that postoffice inspectors have placed under arrest Postmistress Mrs Luna Lucas and her assistant, Mrs. Minnie Huffman, who were in charge of the postoffice at Oregon, Ark., on the charge of rifling the registered and ordinary mails. Mrs. Lucas was arrested as the principal and her assistant as accessory in the crime. Their arrest disclosed a novel method of robbing wholesale and retail merchants of St. Louis and other cities, as well as pocketing the cash sent through the mails by private parties. Both the prisoners have confessed.

Wealthy Farmer Robbed.

WOOSTER, O., April 20.—Four in number and armed with revolvers, burglars early Sunday morning burst open the door of the country residence of aged and wealthy Isaac Munson. Bert Cassiday, a hired man, and Munson and his wife were guarded while two of the gang searched the house, securing $.00 in cash, a lot of notes and jewelry. The three people were then bound hand and foot to prevent their escape, in which condition they remained for over two hours. Mrs. Munson is in a critical condition as a result of shock from fright.

Made a Favorable Report.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—The senate committee on judiciary Monday made a favorable report upon the resolution authorizing the purchasers at the mortgage sale of the Atlantic and Pacific railway to reorganize the road.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The house decided in favor of the sitting member in the Gorman vs. Latimer election contest from South Carolina. When the resolution on the appointment of managers of Soldiers' Homes was taken up Blue of Kansas antagonized General William B. Franklin as one manager, charging him with being a friend and supporter of Governor Smith, of the Leavenworth Home, whom Blue charged with drunkenness and other misdemeanors in office. Franklin was defended by Steele and others and the debate was a warm one, but was not completed.

The senate put in the day on the Dupont contested election case. A few bills of no general importance were passed.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The resolution for an investigation of recent bond issues was taken up in the senate and Hill made a sensational and dramatic speech in opposition, in which he referred to all the newspapers scandals of late years connected with congress, and defended the administration. Gray spoke on the Dupont case.

Blue's fight against the reappointment of General William B. Franklin as a member of the board of managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteers terminated unsuccessfully in the house. His amendment to substitute the name of General O. O. Howard for that of General Franklin was rejected—61 to 149. The resolution was adopted that appoints Franklin, Steele, Beal, Fessenden and Henderson the board of soldiers' home managers. A few minor bills were passed.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—After a dispute as to who was delaying business in the senate Vilas spoke against the resolution to open the Uncompahgre reservation to settlers. Then Hill gave another section of his speech on the bond inquiry, declaring that the Democrats should stand by the administration. The Pacific railways bill was introduced and Allen in the course of an acrimonious colloquy with Gear charged the latter with falsehood. The words ware demanded to be taken down, but a motion to let Allen proceed was carried. Hoar spoke in favor of the bond inquiry. Adjournment to Monday.

The house passed four pension bills at the day session, one for the widow of Rear Admiral Foote, $50 per month. At the night session the widow of General Vanderver, of Ohio, was granted a pension of $70 per month.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—The house paid tribute to the memory of the late Representative Cogswell of Massachusetts. The tributes to his memory reflected the high esteem in which he was held, and departed from the stock eulogies customarily delivered on such occassions. Before the eulogies began Cannon reported the general deficiency, the last appropriation bill. After the eulogies had been pronounced on Cogswell the house adjourned as a further mark of respect. During the session, Cannon, by an eloquent appeal, secured unanimous consent to the passage of a pension bill for a constituent of his. He made a personal appeal to Talbert of South Carolina, who had objected to the bill, with such effect that Talbert withdrew his objection, visibly touched by the pathos of the soldier's story as told by Cannon.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—The senate yesterday put in the day on the Indian appropriation bill. An amendment was adopted to provide school facilities for Indian children cut off by the closing of sectarian schools. The bond sale inquiry investigation was postponed until the pending appropriation bills are disposed of.

The house elected Hull of Iowa speaker pro tem., Reed being late in arriving. Hull had been seated but a few minutes when Reed appeared. The general deficiency bill was taken up and a clause granting F. O. Dawson, a British subject who was the victim of Nebraska toughs, $2,500 damages was agreed to. The bill was passed. Cooper of Wisconsin introduced a bill to tax adulterated beer.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 20.

Money on call nominally 3@3½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper 5 @ 6 per cent.; sterling exchange heavy, with actual business in bankers bills at 483½@485¾ for demand and 467½@483 for sixty days; posted rates, 483½@485 and 489½@490; commercial bills, 487.

Silver certificates 67¾@68¼; no sales; bar silver, 67¾; Mexican dollars 54.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 117; do coupons, 118; 5's registered, 112½; 5's coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 113½; 4's coupons, 113½; 6's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 103.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 20.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 63¼c closed 64½; May, opened 63¾c, closed 65c; July, opened 66¾c closed 68c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 29½; May, opened 30¼c, closed 29½c; July, opened 31c, closed 31c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 18½; May, opened 19¼c closed 19¾c; July, opened 20¼c closed 20¾c. Pork—April, opened $8.50, closed $8.32½; May, opened $8.32½, closed $8.35. Lard—April, opened $4.85, closed $4.83; May, opened $4.87½, closed $4.90.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy 14c; fresh packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9½@10c per doz. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 9@12c per lb; chickens, hens, 9c; roosters, 5@5½c; ducks, 11@12c; geese $1.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 17@20c per bu; mixed, 14@18c. Sweet potatoes $2.00@2.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.50@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $3.00@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, April 20.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 37,000; sales ranged at $2.95@3.85 pigs, 3.60@3.80 light, $3.35@3.60 rough packing, $3.40@3.75 mixed, and $3.45@3.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; quotations ranged at $4.15@4.60 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.90@4.30 good to choice do., $3.70@4.00 fair to good, $3.40@3.75 common to medium do., $3.20@3.70 butchers' steers, $2.80@4.50 stockers, 3.25@4.00 feeders, $1.50@3.70 cows, $2.40@3.75 heifers, $2.00@4.35 bulls, $3.10@4.20 Texas steers, and $3.00@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.75 westerns, $3.25@3.25 Texans, $2.50@3.95 natives, and $3.00@4.60 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, April 21.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 61c; on track, 63@63c; May, 58c; July, 60½c; August, 62½c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 23½c; May, 27½c; July, 29½c; September, 29½. Oats—No. 2 cash, 18c; May, 18½c; July, 18½c. Rye—32c bid east track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, April 21.

Wheat—Cash white, 74c; cash red, 72½c; May, 73½c; July, 69½c bid.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday April 15.

The New York Times has been sold to Adolph S. Ochs, proprietor of the Chattanooga Times.

A fine calla lily, dead black in color, is said to be in the possession of a woman at Switzer, Kan. The lily is described as being fourteen inches long and growing on a stem fourteen inches long and of natural, healthful growth.

Russia has decided to create a smaller monetary unit than the rouble. It will be a quarter of a dollar, and called a russ.

The body of an unidentified man was taken from the river near the Harrison street bridge, Chicago. He was six feet in height, weighed 200 pounds and was about 35 years old.

The question of the admission of women as delegates to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has been practically settled in their favor. The vote to date is 6,937 in favor of the amendment and 2,187 against it. This gives the required majority, with 375 votes to spare.

Lyman Trumbull is expected to be out of bed within a week, unless some unlooked for complication should follow the surgical operation performed upon him.

Thursday, April 16.

Mrs. Clarissa Bump, aged 103 years, died at her home in North Bend, O.

Frederick Merrick shot and killed his wife in her bedroom as their home in Brooklyn. Then he fired a bullet into his right temple. Death was instantaneous in both cases.

The French customs receipts for the first three months of 1896 show increases over 1895, imports to the amount of 145,400,000 francs and exports 49,000,000 francs.

Charles Morris, the confessed murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Douthetts, committed suicide at Xenia, O., by cutting his throat when told to get ready to go to Columbus to hang.

Will Wood, who was implicated in the murder of Pearl Bryan, has been released and is a free man, the prosecution having no case against him that it cared to go to court with.

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison will preside at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorial association, which will be held at the Auditorium, Chicago, May 1.

Friday, April 17.

Major George A. Armes, U. S. A., retired, who achieved notoriety last May on account of his arrest for trouble with Lieutenant General Schofield, is being sued by his wife for divorce on the ground of ill temper and cruelty.

The first victim of the heat for the season is reported from Philadelphia, where George Sebala was overcome and died in a hospital.

C. O. Davis, confined at Winterset, Ia., on a charge of wrecking the bank at Peru, of which he was cashier, escaped from jail by digging a tunnel thirty feet long.

Five hundred Italian immigrants, held at Ellis Island, New York harbor, for deportation made a break for freedom and were only restrained by the revolvers in the hands of their guards.

According to report Senator Tillman blushed at Denver when an aged female suffragist threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hearty kiss in the presence of 8,000 people.

Saturday, April 18.

John Hoey and William Burns were killed and John Wilson, Mat Connolly and John Dooley severely injured by the explosion of the converter in the works of the American Glucose company at Peoria, Ills., yesterday morning.

Nikola Tesla has by means of X rays seen through the bodies, bones and all, of three of his assistants placed in a line.

General Booth has cabled from London to New York instructing the officials in charge there to publish the letters in their possession in regard to the charges made by Ballington Booth against the general and his administration.

Five children were smothered to death by a fire in a four-story tenement block at Turner's Falls, Mass.

Bob Fitzsimmons and his pet lion came in contact with a live wire at Cleveland, and the lion, who was chained on the roof of the building, jumped over the side and was strangled by his chain. Bob was burned across the thighs and dazed for an hour.

The British budget, which was presented to the house of commons, gives the surplus for 1895-6 as £4,210,000. The estimate of expenditures for the current year is £100,047,000 and the calculated revenue £101,755,000.

Monday, April 20.

Despondent because of the accidental destruction of $100 Justice of the Peace Henry E. Bancroft, of Gloucester, N. J., committed suicide.

The supreme tribunal of the Knights of Pythias has decided that the law excluding gamblers and drunkards is not retroactive, and does not affect those who were members previous to its passage in 1894.

The Window Glass Workers' association, which is the wealthiest labor organization in the world, is talking of responding to the shut-down of glass factories by establishing co-operative factories.

The Conway Cabinet company, of Milwaukee, has made an assignment to Charles W. Norris. The company manufactured mantels, cabinets, etc.

It has finally been decided to hold the national encampment of the uniformed rank of the Knights of Pythias at Cleveland, O., Aug. 24 to 31.

Home rule for Cuba it is positively stated will go into effect soon. The act of the Spanish cortes providing therefor was signed by the Queen Christine in March, 1895.

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JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, APRIL 25, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Salvini.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—William Barry.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Officer of the 3d."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Thomas W. Keene.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Clay Clement.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CHILDS MERWIN'S IGNORANCE OF IRISH ART.

Henry Childs Merwin in still another part of his article in the Atlantic Monthly, dealing with the American Irish, says:

"Intellectually, the best results from the Irish immigration will probably be found where the Irish blood has been mingled with that of the native American. If you take up a book written by a genuine Irishman, you will find, as a rule, that it is more witty, certainly more eloquent and imaginative in style, than the ordinary English or American book. But read on a little, and you are almost sure to come upon some statement so careless, so exaggerated, so outre, or so illogical that the effect of the whole is spoiled. The Celt, though artistic by nature, is almost never a good artist. He has the sense of beauty—that is the gift of nature; but the sense of form, which is only in part the gift of nature, and which depends upon a trained judgment, upon self-discipline, upon hard, continuous work, he lacks. Ireland is running over with poetic feeling, but where are the Irish poets? The liveliness and sociability of the Celt, which make him a dweller in cities, also tend to repress the literary instinct. He has not that brooding, meditative spirit which is nursed in solitude, and which is necessary to the development of literary genius. But when to the Celtic fire and imagination there are joined the Anglo-Saxon restraint and sense of form, great achievements in literature may be expected. From this union have sprung already some writers of talent. Perhaps it is not a wild conjecture that if the long expected, characteristic American author of genius ever does appear, he will come of mixed New England and Irish stock, and will be a product of the West."

The carelessness of statement which Merwin attributes to "the Celt" certainly belongs to himself in this instance. It is now well known that the Saxon element in England is not the predominating one, and that but few great geniuses have sprung from Saxon sources. Shakespeare was, beyond question, of Norman origin. So was Spenser, as his original name, de Spenser, abundantly proves. The Plantagenets and Tudors furnished the ablest monarchs that ever ruled in England, and they were, by descent, either French or Welsh. Most of England's great modern writers were Celts. There can be no appeal from the pre-eminently Celtic name of Macaulay. Froude (Frood) has a French sound to it. Tennyson openly boasted his descent from the Norman French. Bulwer and his son were equally proud of that gallant strain in their blood. In the matter of English intellect, the Saxons are nowhere beside the Normans and their Celts. If Scotland is taken into account, they are totally eclipsed. Scott and Burns are mighty hosts in themselves.

As to form, the unadulterated Saxon is notoriously lacking in that quality. The Englishman is a slouchy person in his dress. He wears abominably large checks, red neeties and ugly little caps, of the jockey pattern. His shoes always resemble gunboats. His gaiters are clumsy. His shoulders are built with a feminine slope, and in fact, he is the despair of all artistic tailors. The English women, of all classes, are, notoriously, the worst dressers in Europe, and they don't deserve to be mentioned in the same category with the tasteful women of America.

It is pretty hard, even in Ireland, to say who is a pure Celt and who is not. The Celtic temperament undoubtedly predominates, but the Danes, French-Normans, and other invaders, have, undoubtedly, left their impress on the people. But take them as they stand—call them Celts. Who denies the genius of Moore, Goldsmith and Mangan as poets? Has England produced a greater serious novelist than Maria Edgeworth, or Griffin, or Carleton, who has been called "the great peasant?" The novels, in a lighter vein, of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover will be read while the English language endures. Maelise and John Henry Foley have enriched the art of painting and sculpture in Europe. What more graceful operas were ever presented than "The Bohemian Girl" by Michael Balfe, and "Maritana" and "Lurline" by William Vincent Wallace, both Irishmen, one born in Dublin, the other in Waterford?

The name of Sir Arthur Sullivan proclaims aggressively the Celtic blood of England's greatest living composer. Catherine Hayes was, in her day, the Queen of Song; she divided popular favor with Jenny Lind in the last generation.

Ireland gave to the stage Mrs. Jordan, Charles Macklin, alias McLaughlin; William Congreve, Miss Eliza O'Neill, the Queen of Hearts; Tyrone Power, William J. Florence, J. L. Toole, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, Barry Sullivan, James O'Neill, Ada Rehan (Crehan), Augustin Daly, and many others almost equally famous.

"The most complete comedy in the English language," the "School for Scandal," was written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was also, not excepting even Edmund Burke, Grattan and Curran, the greatest orator Ireland has produced or England has known.

James Sheridan Knowles, born in Cork, the author of "Virginius," played with such phenomenal success by Macready in Great Britain, and by Edwin Forrest in America, was also an actor of great merit. "Virginius," after a lapse of nearly eighty years—it was written in 1820—still holds the boards, when it can find such a dramatic genius as the late great Irish-American actor, John McCullough, to interpret it. Knowles' other well known plays are "William Tell," "The Hunchback" and "The Secretary." This wondrously gifted Irishman was also the author of several successful novels.

Dion Boucicault, born in Dublin of mingled French and Irish ancestry, was also a playwright as well as an actor. His "London Assurance" carried the English-speaking world by storm, and his "Corsican Brothers" and "Louis XI" awakened scarcely less admiration. His dramatization of Griffin's magnificent story of "The Collegians" into the popular drama of "The Colleen Bawn" has immortalized the names of both writer and adapter.

To go back a little out of the regular order, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" still lingers as a favorite on the classical English stage. All these examples prove overwhelmingly that Irishmen possess the sense of "form," which belongs to all high art, in a pre-eminent degree.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, both as composer and band-leader, had no superior in the United States, especially in productions of a heroic or military character.

George P. A. Healy, Thomas Buchanan Read and Thomas Moran—all sprung from Irish Celtic blood—have left an impression on American art that cannot fade. It is doubtful if there is a more stirring battle picture in existence than "Custer's Last Rally," by John Mulvany, an Irish-American artist, whose works should be better known than they are to the American public.

Can English peasant girls compare in the matter of artistic form with the Irish peasant girls of the very remotest parts of the island in the matter of manufacturing beautiful laces? Ask the Countess of Aberdeen or Mrs. Ernest Hart, both Englishwomen.

In the matter of architectural "form," the public buildings of the discrowned capital of Ireland, the once artistically beautiful city of Dublin—the decaying Custom House, the old Parliament Houses, the Four Courts and the General Postoffice, not to mention minor edifices—are reckoned among the most classical in Europe.

Mr. Merwin, in justice to himself, ought to read up his subjects better. He is filled to overflowing with Anglo-Yankee self-conceit. He imagines he knows everything whereas he is not exactly an illiterate but a grossly ignorant writer. He ought to hire a private tutor to teach him a thing or two.

GOLD COIN CONTRACTS.

One of the most important, and, if sustained, far reaching legal decisions of recent date was that of the district Judge at Omaha, Neb., on the 17th inst., in the matter of gold coin contracts. It came up, says a dispatch to the daily press, in the case of Chase against Wren, an action to collect payment of a $2,000 mortgage note, on which a default in interest had occurred. The attorney for the defease raised the point in the district court as to the effect of inserting in a note or contract the words "to pay in gold coin," or the words "to pay in gold coin or its equivalent," and argued that in either form the note would be illegal, being in violation of the legal tender law and contrary to public policy. It was further argued by the defense that if not voiding and invalidating the note entirely the section requiring payment in gold was void. During the argument the court said it would not enforce that part of the note contracting to pay in gold: that if it came to a question of holding that if the note was payable in gold coin the contract was illegal and void, the court would hold that it was illegal and void.

HUSH-A-BY, BABY GEORGIE

Poor old Mayor Swift lost his temper—he never had much to lose—at the city council meeting Monday night. He objected to being criticized. Poor man! He ought to remember that even Moses and the Twelve Apostles have been criticized. Is he greater than Moses? Is he more saintly than the Twelve Apostles? The concluding portion of his tirade, dealing mostly with stuffed pay rolls, is worth reproducing, thus:

"Demand to know of the civil service commission whether it has stuffed the pay rolls. If the people furnish the money your mayor will print the pay rolls, not in the council proceedings but in some reputable newspaper, from the day he came into office down to tonight. You may think your mayor is warm. He is warm. He has a right to be. If this sort of thing continues the time will soon come when honest men will spurn public office, will refuse to be aldermen or mayor. I have been driven almost to my grave and have been brought here from my bed, where I ought to be now, to answer such criticism, unjust and carping. It is a shame and the people ought to rally to the support of an honest public servant."

The civil service commission doesn't care a copper for the Mayor's advice to the council in its regard. John Mule Clark is the mayor and comptroller of Chicago combined. Mr. Swift was elected mayor, but he abdicated his functions in favor of John Mule Clark, Robert Arbutus Waller and Christoph Red-Hotz. There is one titular mayor, one active mayor, and two assistants to the latter. In this case the mule is the better horse. We agree with Mayor Swift that he ought to be in bed—and stay there. Any man who permits his own appointees to flout him, and lord it over him, deserves to become one of the seven sleepers. Chicago needs a wide awake mayor. What has become of the great "business administration?" Was there ever a greater municipal failure than the existing city government? Mayor Swift finds fault with the assessment and taxation system. In this he may be right, but how is it that other mayors governed the city so much better under the same system? We thought the great governing genius of Mayor Swift was going to accomplish miracles. He went up like a rocket and is coming down like a stick—a very broken stick. Neither mentally nor physically does the mayor appear to be a strong man. Let him imitate other men, much greater men, who retired from the public gaze when their usefulness was over—Sylla, Cincinnatus, Charles V and George Washington. We apologize to Mayor Swift for making his personality so small by the violence of these contrasts. By all means, let him return to his orange bower in Florida and retire to bed.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

FATHER SLOCUM DENOUNCES GLADSTONE AND MORAL SUASION.

The Rev. Father Slocum, of Waterbury, Conn., recently delivered a "lay sermon" on "the Irish at home and in America" at his church of the Immaculate Conception, in which he made some telling points. He instanced several acts of their loyalty to this country, including their services in the Haymarket riots in Chicago, and then, turning to Ireland itself, said:

"The present leaders in Ireland have proved themselves unworthy of the trust reposed in them. While they are disunited, demoralized, and quarreling over the distribution of the Paris funds, the man to whom more than anyone else is due the honor and credit of that fund lies in a forgotten and unmarked grave—Rev. Father Walsh formerly of Waterbury, Conn., who gave his time, his efforts, even his life for the cause of home rule. At the present time home rule is in the far distant future. Nothing short of a European complication and a revolution in Ireland can accomplish self-government for Ireland. For the last fifty years the Irish have been the tail to the English political kite. The only question the English leaders have ever had at heart was the advancement of their own interests. Even Gladstone was more of an English politician than a sincere friend of Ireland. There may be many here who differ from me in my opinion of Gladstone. I ask no one to accept my opinion as theirs, but to my mind, looking at his history for the last fifty years, Gladstone is the most insincere public man and the greatest hypocrite of the century." Here Father Slocum told of Gladstone's effort to stamp out the Irish movement by filling the jails of the country with the leaders of the Irish cause and their followers, and kept up this kind of tactics even to the extent of putting Parnell in prison, the man who did more than anyone else for the Irish cause since O'Connell.

"The Phœnix Park tragedy opened Gladstone's eyes, and at once it was decided that a pretense of doing something for Ireland should be commenced. The same state of affairs existed in 1782, when Grattan demanded a home parliament, and got it, because England was in trouble at the time and the petition of the Irish patriots, backed up by 80,000 armed volunteers was not to be trifled with. How much sincerity there was in the act was seen a few years afterwards, when the English government found time to deal with the case, and soon undid what had taken place a few years before." To Father Slocum, Gladstone appears as a great man in his own way, an astute politician; but all this talk about the "Grand Old Man" makes him tired. He did not think him (Gladstone) sincere in his advocacy of a home rule bill for Ireland and believed that he presented it with the full knowledge that it would be killed in the house of lords. Father Slocum did not believe there was the slightest hope of gaining the freedom of Ireland by moral suasion and said that the only hope there was of Ireland getting from under the heel of the oppressor was by resorting to other methods whenever the opportunity might offer. 'When that time comes,' he said, 'every bishop and every priest in the country will advocate such a course, but at present the time is not opportune,' and he did not think there was anything to be gained in following the leaders of today. Father Slocum said he was talking from experience, as he had been in Ireland in '82, '84, '89, '90 and '92, and saw what was going on.'"

Many Irishmen will not agree with Father Slocum in his estimate of Gladstone, but we do, to the extent that the aged William was thinking of England much more than Ireland, when he advocated home rule. THE CITIZEN said so a very long time ago, and got "jumped upon" for its pains by several distinguished Irishmen both spiritual and temporal. Now, we have no doubt, Father Slocum will be indorsed by most sensible people of his own race. "Moral suasion" with England is only waste of lung power. The Father has said as much—just as we did, and just as those who may come after us will also be compelled to say, unless the Irish question is settled by that time. It is a healthy sign of the times when able priests, like Father Slocum, openly express disbelief in great English statesmen and in moral force, as applied to England in Ireland.

SPANISH REIGN OF BLOOD IN CUBA.

The contemporaneous everyday history of Cuba in revolt reminds us forcibly of Ireland's horrible experiences, as preserved in the blood-curdling records of the "rebellion" against the English power in 1798. Then, the agents of England in Ireland found very little difficulty in trumping up charges of "murder" and "arson" against "rebel" suspects among the people, and they followed pretty nearly the same methods used by the Spaniards against the patriot Cubans—the chief difference being that Spain shoots, while England used the rope.

The following Associated Press account of a triple murder committed by Spanish officials in Havana on Cuban patriots, will be read with feelings of interest, mingled with sentiments of horror:

"HAVANA, April 17.—Three prisoners of war, Gregorio Burges, Esteban Hernandez and Jose Bacallao, were executed at 7 o'clock this morning at the Cabana fortress. They belonged to the insurgent band commanded by Dr. Bruno Zayas, and were captured by the soldiers of the Aarapiles battalion during the attack made by the enemy on Managua, this province, and the burning of property in that vicinity.

"Borges, while in the death chapel of the fortress, was very nervous and would only drink a little lemonade. Hernandez displayed remarkable coolness. He presented Dr. Gomez, who had been appointed to care for the prisoners, with a yellow belt and asked him to write to his mother and beg her to pardon him for his misdeeds, while assuring her he died in the bosom of Christianity.

"Bacallao, in his 'deathbed,' as he termed it, seemed full of life and even haughty. He tried to run away from the chapel, as if by so doing he could shorten his period of torture by being shot and killed by the soldiers on guard. But he was watched so closely by the officers on duty that it was impossible for him to carry out his intention.

"At 4:30 a.m. Bacallao and Hernandez had a breakfast of beefsteak and eggs and each drank a cup of wine. They confessed to several priests, having been entreated to conform to all religious customs. This caused Bacallao to remark: 'What is the use of conforming in my case, father, considering that within a short time I have to die.'

"At 7 o'clock the square was ready and the troops were drawn up under Major Carlos Justiz. The prisoners were conducted there in the usual solemn manner. Bacallao and Hernandez were courageous and cool; but Borges, who had been so nervous in the chapel and who had refused any stimulant with his breakfast, turned out to be the bravest of all and met his fate with the most remarkable courage.

"Bacallao smoked a cigar during his last moments and calmly threw it away as he knelt down with his face to the wall and his back toward the firing squad. Borges knelt with his hands in his pockets and coolly turned his head toward the soldiers who were to shoot him. Hernandez attentively watched the shadows of the soldiers on the wall in front of him. When all was ready the officer in command of the squad lifted his sword; the rifles were aimed; there was another movement of the sword and the report of the volley echoed from the fortress walls.

"Borges was killed outright, but Hernandel and Bacallao writhed on the ground after the shooting, and it was found necessary to finish Hernandez with one more shot. Two mercy shots were necessary to send Bacallao to his account.

"When the execution was over and the bodies had been carted away the crowds on the fortress heights silently wended their way to more congenial scenes, and only three pools of dark blood, half hidden by sand strewn over them by the soldiers, remained to mark the place where three more of the insurgent army had fallen for Cuba. It is true that there were a few more bullet marks on the fortress, but a few such tokens more or less are of but little account in these days and arouse little or no interest among the passers-by.

"All three of the men executed today had been charged with incendiarism and had been convicted of that crime. They took part in the attack on Managua, as already told, as members of a so-called insurgent 'band,' and, naturally, property was destroyed by fire."

The charge of incendiarism is, beyond doubt, false, and was used only to give colorable pretext to the atrocious triple assassination of brave men who had the courage to fight for their native country.

This is a condition of affairs that calls for prompt interference by our government, in the spirit of the resolutions lately passed by both houses of congress. If President Cleveland delays much longer his interference on behalf of libbrty and humanity in Cuba, he will lose much of the public respect bestowed upon him, on account of his manly attitude in the Venezuelan controversy with England. Spain didn't wait half so long to interfere against this government on behalf of the revolted states at the time of the Southern secession. Why this tenderness for her feelings on the part of the President?

A STATEMENT THAT DEMANDS INVESTIGATION.

We print elsewhere an editorial from our Catholic contemporary, the New World, treating of "Godless Schools and Juvenile Crime." It contains some striking statements that merit conscientious investigation. Among other things, the writer claims that out of one hundred juveniles convicted of crime in France, only eleven were from parochial, or religious, schools, while eighty-nine were from the public schools which, as in this country, teach no form of religion. Now, if the editor of the New World can establish the same proportion in American public schools, the conscience of the country will demand their reformation. There should be set on foot at once an inquiry into the matter by the nation, the state, the county or the city. The training of the youth of the country is a grave responsibility—the gravest with which we have to deal. There should be no mincing of matters. Let the truth be shown, whatever may be the cost.

CORK VERSUS SOUTHAMPTON.

The Irish press, without party distinction, is greatly excited over the attitude of the United States postoffice department in regard to the mail service between this country and Great Britain and Ireland. They allege that our lecture-loving postmaster general is discriminating against Queenstown (Cove of Cork) in favor or Southampton in England. A recent leader in the Cork Herald says:

"The Irish element is a powerful one in the great Republic of the West, and in more ways than one might pressure be brought to bear by Irishmen in America on the heads of the postal department to, at least, give what may be called the Irish service a tolerable division of the mails where an appreciable shortening of the time will be assured. And all Irish-Americans can assist the Queenstown route without trouble by superscribing their letters 'via Queenstown,' and getting their friends to do likewise. They will thus be doing a good turn for the 'old country,' whose value it will not be easy to estimate, and will help in preserving Queenstown as a tourist station, which, without the continuance of the mail service, would be well nigh impossible. It is hard to pass over in silence the wilful blindness of the postmaster at Washington who, in making comparisons between the mail service, singularly forgets the thirteen hours time allowance made to the Southampton boats for the difference in the ocean journey, but when the American press in drawing similar comparisons gives Southampton the benefit of an eighteen hours difference it is time to interpose. The statistics on which the United States postoffice people rely are inaccurate and conflicting, for one of their computations would make their own boats, for the difference in the journey, take eighteen hours to steam 250 knots! And nothing can so cover their arrangements with ridicule as the fact that mails for Ireland are frequently given to their own contract steamers, and have to go the circuitous route by Southampton, and lose two, and sometimes three, days in order to gratify the sentiment or whim of the ruler of the postal department at Washington."

The "Irish element" in this country can only make "representations" to Postmaster General Wilson, and these are quite likely to be disregarded. He has established a precedent which other American postmasters general will follow as long as Ireland remains a province of Great Britain. Slaves never receive consideration at the hands of powerful nations, even when they are friendly to the slaves. Ireland may as well know that she is held in contempt by all the outside world, and will be until she makes an earnest and united effort to end foreign rule within her borders.

THE Pope praises Cardinals Gibbons, Logue and Vaughan for favoring arbitration and reasoning against wars in the world. Truly Christian, truly churchlike and Christlike is this action. None of us want war, but, Heaven forgive us, we would like to see the English get a licking, just before war is declared a back number. We are sure the world would be purer, liberty safer, honesty more general, and virtue, morality and all good things promoted in this world by one good scourging of this infamous power before the statute of limitation comes in, in the peace era. —*New York Weekly Union and Catholic Times.*

THE golden jubilee of St. Peter's Catholic church (German) was celebrated last Sunday with great impressiveness, in this city.

YOUNG CONGRESSMAN FITZGERALD, of Massachusetts, speaking of the A.P.A. during a recent debate in the House of Representatives, said: "I stand upon the floor of this House, born and bred a Roman Catholic and proud of it, and I deny the right of any secret, oath-bound organization to come before the legal representatives of the American people and by its dark, deep, underhand methods seek to deprive me and the members of the religion which I profess of the honest rights and privileges and dues of American citizenship. What apology is there for a Roman Catholic to live in this country? Is one necessary? Look at history from the discovery of this land of ours in 1492! Look at the deeds of bravery and heroism and statesmanship that have been performed by Roman Catholics. I challenge any member of the A.P.A. organization in this House, I challenge any member who is in sympathy with that organization to name any sphere in life or any public duty that has been badly filled or ill performed by members of the Roman Catholic church. I know we talk about the breadth and liberality of the American people in these days. Why, sir, it is not to be compared with the breadth and liberality and wisdom that were exhibited in earlier times."

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF C. G. PERKINS.

Friends of Charles Goodman Perkins assembled in the chapel at Graceland cemetery last Saturday morning to pay their respects to the dead. Members of the Chicago Press club and the Whitechapel club were present in large numbers. The Chicago bar was well represented, and there were, particularly, men of various walks of life, who had been attracted to the deceased by the bonds of personality which had made Mr. Perkins so widely and popularly known. Simple ceremonies were performed by Rev. Luther Pardee. The active pallbearers were Dr. H. B. Williams, Wallace Rice, Horace Taylor, Kingsley Underwood, Charles D. Almy and John K. Prindiville. The honorary pallbearers were Henry Heinemann, William E. Mason, Jarvis Blume, Dr. John C. Spray, Dr. Frank W. Reilly and Lorin C. Collins.

MRS. P. J. GRIFFIN.

Mr. P. J. Griffin, No. 1366 Congress street, this city, sustained a deplorable loss recently in the death of his young wife. Mrs. Griffin, whose maiden name was Miss Mary Donoghue, was born in 1871 at Killahs, near Killarney, county Kerry, Ireland, where her parents still reside. She leaves, besides her afflicted husband, a baby daughter. The funeral occurred on the 6th inst. from the house to the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were J. J. Cahill, Daniel J. Cahill, Patrick Donoghue, Patrick Tracey, Patrick Sullivan, James Tracey, and Thomas Cuboe.

MR. WILLIAM R. FARRELL.

Mr. William R. Farrell, brother of Mr. M. P. Farrell, formerly of the firm of Roche & Farrell, died in this city on Thursday of last week, after a lingering illness. Mr. Farrell was born about thirty-eight years ago at Templemichael, county Tipperary, Ireland, and came to America early in life. He was successful in business until a complication of diseases wrecked his constitution and he was compelled to retire from active work. Death came gently to him, and relieved him from prolonged suffering. Mr. Farrell was a member of the old Irish-American Club of this city, and was one of its most popular members. The funeral occurred on Saturday, from the chapel of Mercy Hospital to Mount Olivet Catholic cemetery and was very largely attended. Requiescat in pace.

Do Not Despair because you have tried many medicines and have failed to receive benefit. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

DIVISION 9'S GOOD TIME.

Splendid Reception Given by the South Chicago Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians on Friday Evening, April 17.

An Eloquent Address by Mr. John T. Keating, State President of the Order—Over 400 Visitors Present.

A splendid gathering was present at a reception given to all friends by Div. 9 on Friday, the 17th inst. Over four hundred visitors were present, outside the actual membership. The committee of arrangements, consisting of Brothers Duggan, P. T. O'Sullivan, J. Clark, Owen Ahearn and P. Dever, deserve the thanks of the community for their efforts. President Duggan introduced Brother O'Sullivan as master of ceremonies, who delivered a clear address on the needs and objects of such gatherings. A musical and literary programme of much merit was submitted, and among the prominent numbers was a solo from Owen Ahearn, rendered with his usual good taste. Mrs. Terneau sang in excellent voice some very pretty ballads, which were enthusiastically encored. The gem of the evening was a flute and cello duet from Messrs. Arnes and Reid, followed by an encore. Both gentlemen were masters of their instruments, and their execution was a rare treat. A recitation from a young lady and another of the single tax variety from Brother T. A. Foley, brought down the house. Rev. Father Hennessy was introduced and spoke on the marvelous history of our people in connection with the story of the discovery of the American continent. After a most interesting address the reverend gentlemen concluded by inviting all the societies to the dedication of his new church at Dauphin Park.

After a piano solo from Mrs. Terneau, State President John T. Keating was introduced, who spoke on the future of the "Irish Race on this Continent." He dwelt at length on the charactesistics which marked their race during their sojourn in this country, pointing out the errors made, the opportunities wasted and the lack of progress noncommensurate with the natural wit and ability of the people as a whole. While individuals here and there became famous, the majority of their compatriots, arriving in the younger days of the republic, did not achieve that success which marked the settling of other slower-thinking nationalities. He referred to the total want of leadership which marked the condition of the early Irish settlers, saying if any concerted effort had been made to assist the labors of the Hibernian Colonial Association and Hibernian Benevolent Society, so many of the Irish people would not have been left in the great seaboard cities to lose identity with race and religion among the cosmopolitan population. He drew attention to the strange dislike to farming occupations which was noticeable among a people accustomed to agricultural pursuits, and attributed the same to the fear of a repetition of home disasters, which were of frequent occurrence in the land they left.

The trades where apprenticeship was required, the semi-scientific pursuits, the farms of the little developed south and west, the studio and journalism were untried channels as far as any fair percentage of our people could be said to have ventured, while the medical and legal professions, with their two years' of quasi preparation, were overcrowded by Irish names. Leadership may be required, but the same need not be as was expected in the past of gentle birth and high degree. The old slavish idea, that a leader must come from the upper classes, was fading away under the influence of American democracy. The best leadership can be found in the joint leadership of societies working for common-sense ideas and collective progress. The one man idea is dead and cannot be resurrected. The speaker referred to the quickness with which other nationalities availed themselves of the colonization schemes launched from time to time. He spoke of the failure of some in which many of the Irish people were interested, and asked for closer attention of the youth of the societies to the features of the same. He pointed out how the centralization of capital, the time wages, the department store, the development of science, had driven the day laborer almost to the wall. The land, as yet uncultivated, would be the fortunes of the future. The great waterways would cover Illinois with factories where life would be cheap, wages low, and years of existence short. In that vitiated atmosphere Irish characteristics die. To preserve them, and the virtues of the race, the farms of the west, the orchards and the cotton fields, the rice plantations of the south opened an opportunity for a fresh blooded verile race to build up a new nation amid the dying embers of past generations. The speaker concluded by reading John Boyle O'Reilly's "Exile of the Gael."

More music, including a splendid rendition of "Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep," by Mr. Arnes, kept the audience in their seats until "God Save Ireland" closed the programme. Mr. P. T. O'Sullivan announced, in a neat speech, that the hospitalities would be extended to all visitors, and a go as you please impromptu programme kept the crowd until long after midnight. It is hoped more entertainments of a like nature will be held by Div. 9.

Grand Military Ball.

On Wednesday evening, May 6, the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew will give a grand military ball in Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, to defray the expense of their journey to Galesburg, where their annual state convention will be held in May. Their excellent band of twenty-one pieces, under the able direction of Prof. John McShea, assisted by the bugle corps of the Seventh Regiment, will furnish the music. Aside from the vocal and instrumental programme, the company will give an exhibition drill.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE EVE OF VINEGAR HILL.

BY W. J. PURCELL.

By vale and winding river there are marching thousands ten,
And many a pike is glistening by mountain, moor and glen,
For Leinster backed by Connaught and with Munster to the fore
Are banded now as oft they fought one hundred years before;
And scores of Irish women—mothers, wives and sweethearts dear—
Press back the ever rising sigh and dash aside the tear,
For why should sadness mar the brow of any fair colleen
When Ireland's sons are marching past to fight beneath the green.

From Wexford, Ross and Gorey they are pouring in amain,
And Father Murphy in the van strikes hard with might and main
To keep the column well in line, and ready for the fray
That dyes the hills of Wexford at the dawning of the day.
The sturdy Irish pipers cheer the martial crowds along,
And on the trodden path is heard the jest or jovial song,
The furze upon the mountain serves to feed the bonfires' gleam—
It sheds a lurid glow upon the waving banners green.

And little children peering from behind their mother's ken,
Remembered well in after years these gallant marching men;
Scarce can we realize e'en now what made our fathers strike
For freedom upon Wexford's hills with rustic skein and pike,
And made them rush to battle 'gainst ten thousand guns or swords
Before the savage onslaught of those dastard Yeomen hordes
Almost unarmed, outnumbered, yet they fought against a foe
That stained their land with blood and tears through centuries of woe.

THE SUNBURST CLUB.

Irish Lads and Lassies Enjoy Themselves.

Delightful music, pretty costumes, and prettier girls, played havoc with the hearts of the young men from the Emerald Isle last Saturday evening at Arlington Hall. The occasion was the seventh annual ball of the Sunburst Club, and in every respect was a model entertainment. The greatest credit is due the managing committee for the high aim they kept before them in all their arrangements. In the absence of the recently elected presiden of the club, Mr. P. F. Holden, who was detained at an A.O.H. meeting, the grand march was led by Mr. Thomas J. Sherlock, sessional chairman, and Miss Helen Dolan, lady manager. As the long procession filed past the following were noticed:

Misses Helen Dolan, Maggie O'Connell, Kitty Waddick, Nellie Reddy, Mary Egan, Kitty Reddy, Kitty Egan, Mamie Heffernan, Mary Gorman, Annie O'Connell, Minnie Fitzgerald, Mary Barry, Delia Brennan, Mary Shyne, Christina Linden, Mary McCoy, Nellie Casey, Mary Lyons, Nellie Lyons, Agnes Lee, Maud O'Connell, Winnie Cooney, Tessie Spallon, Winifred Noonan, Katie McCoy, Maria Durr, Hannah O'Connell, Mollie O'Connell, Mabel Gallagher, Tessie Cline, Aggie Wall, Annie Madden, Annie Hession, Delia McNichols, Delia Durr, Katie Cooney, Nellie Lonergan, Kitty Burns, Hannah O'Connor, Katie Herlihy, Nellie Riordan, Kitty Bennett, Nora Sheahan, Margaret Lynch, Mrs. J. Sullivan, and Nellie Carter.

Messrs. Thomas J. Sherlock, W. C. Moore, John J. Hanrahan, Thomas B. O'Hara, John S. Sherlock, P. F. Holden, Daniel Lynch, Patrick Gibney, Barney Gibney, Allen O'Hara, Charles O'Hara, Timothy Glennon, Patrick Spallon, Andrew Tully, Joseph Burke, Roy Hammond, Bernard Burke, Charlie Mimnaugh, Henry Mimnaugh, James McMenamen, Thomas McHugh, Daniel Cline, Allen Curley, James Hanley, P. Foley, Thomas H. Mitchel, Patrick Kenny, Martin McDonnell, Thomas Brown, Walter Bennett, Michael Quinn, Roy McCoy, Thomas Naughton, James Kane, John Keenan, Ed Gray, David Ronan, William Sullivan, J. H. Sullivan, Frank Hughes, Ed Beverly, David Wood, David Anderson, Al Failing.

The success of the ball is due entirely to the unremitting labors of the following, who constituted the committee of arrangements: Thomas J. Sherlock, W. C. Moore and T. B. O'Hare, ably assisted by Misses Helen Dolan and Maggie O'Connell.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

O'Connell's Monument.

On the left of the entrance to the ancient Church of St. Agatha, in Rome, is a monument to the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, with the following inscription: "This monument contains the heart of O'Connell, who, dying at Genoa on his way to the Eternal City, bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome. He is here represented, in marble relief, at the bar of the British house of commons in 1829, where he refused to take the anti-Catholic declaration in these remarkable words: 'Part of it I believe to be untrue and the rest of it I know to be false.' He was born Aug. 6, 1776. Died May 15, 1847. Erected by Charles Bianconi Esqre, the faithful friend of the immortal liberator of Ireland, the land of his adoption." A crowned female, emblematic of Ireland, sits with an urn in her arms and a harp before her. The Angel of Hope hovers over her pointing upward with the left hand and extending the right as if leading her heavenward.—*Ex.*

DEATH OF COL. P. M. CLEARY.

Many thousands of people will be saddened to learn of the death of Col. Patrick M. Cleary, of this city, which occurred at his residence, No. 2450 Wabash avenue, at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, April 17. No man in Chicago was better known, or had more personal friends. Before illness, resulting mainly from accident, overtook him, he was as fine a specimen of manhood as this city held, and his amiable disposition made him a first favorite with all who came in contact with him. An admirable story-teller, and full of Celtic wit and humor, he had a faculty of uttering "parables," whether by accident or design, that were, in themselves, incomparable. This is not the fitting time in which to mention some of his wondrously humorous sayings, but they will live long in the memory of those who were more or less associated with this genial departed soul in the days of his strength.

Patrick M. Cleary, says the Evening Post of Saturday, was born near Nenagh, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1826, and came to America at the age of 16 with an uncle, Dr. Kerwin, who then lived at Ottawa. In that town Col. Cleary learned the trade of a carpenter, and followed it industriously for years. He went west in 1855, and settled in Kansas, where he had a number of rather profitable contracts. It was in the troublous times when the territory earned the title of "Bleeding Kansas," and for the preservation of order that Col. Cleary joined and led a military organization. He was really given the rank of colonel there, and the joke of his later life was that he was entitled to the rank, and had not earned it in Cook county politics, as had some of his friends.

Late in the fifties Col. Cleary completed his contracts in the west and removed to St. Louis, where he followed the same line of industry, and profited by his efforts. Here he met and married the lady who lived with him for the last thirty-five years, and who survives him. They were married by Father P. A. Feehan, who is today, and for years has been, the archbishop of this diocese.

Shortly after his marriage Col. Cleary removed to Chicago, and had been a resident of this city ever since. He was elected South Town collector one term, and made a good record in that office. Later he was chosen as a member of the county board, and although it was in the period when several of the other members were accused and convicted of criminal performances not a word of accusation was ever leveled at the name of Patrick M. Cleary. The man was incorruptible. In the period of his service on the county board the hospital was built, and he gave nearly all his time to the supervision of that structure. It seemed his heart was bound up in the purpose to give Cook county as perfect a building as could possibly be produced.

About a year ago Col. Cleary, then 69 years old, was hurrying up the court between the county and the city buildings on an errand to Capt. Elliott, of the detective force. A hauler of coal had driven a loaded wagon into the court, had backed it up to a coal-hole and had removed the cover to the great bins under the pavement. When the driver got that far with his work the noon whistle blew and he stopped, went to the shady side of the court and sat down for his dinner. Col. Cleary, hurrying around the end of the wagon, fell into that abyss and lay there half-conscious for minutes before he could make his presence known. Then by a groan he attracted the attention of one of the engineers and was taken out.

He was a heavy man and was much hurt. At his age injuries were received which could never heal, and he suffered from them to the day of his death. He said that, though unable to make a sound or a movement, he knew what had happened, and was in great dread that the driver would open the tail-gate of the wagon and hurl that avalanche of coal upon him. Fortunately he was spared a fate so dreadful.

Col. Cleary leaves behind him, besides his wife one son and four daughters, nearly all of whom have reached maturity. His death has filled them with profound grief, although his long illness had, in a measure, prepared them for the inevitable stroke. The Colonel passed away tranquilly in the midst of his family, fortified by the sacraments of the Catholic church, of which he was a devoted member.

The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the family residence to St. James' church, and, notwithstanding most inclement weather, was very largely attended. Many beautiful floral offerings covered the stately casket that contained the remains of the lamented gentleman. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. H. McGuire, pastor of St. James, assisted by the Rev. Fathors Van Pelt and Quin, as deacon and sub-deacon. Several clergymen occupied the sanctuary during the services, among them Rev. D. J. Riordan, Rev. Father Gilday and Rev. Father Gillen.

The honorary pallbearers were the Hon. Thomas A. Moran, Alexander Sullivan, Capt. Thomas Brenan, Col. M. C. Hickey, P. F. Gillespie, P. O'Donnell, Capt. Martin Hayes and John F. Finerty. The active pallbearers were P. J. Sexton, P. Cleary, Michael C. Hayes, N. D. Dunne, Charles T. Cavanagh and J. Woodward.

Among others present were Charles Keeler, John Cudahy, Thomas Lynch, William Fogarty, P. McHugh, William Weadley, Capt. William Buckley, Roger Powers, John E. McMahon, W. H. Rice, Charles J. Nugent, John Traynor, Maj. William C. McClure, John Sullivan, P. O'Meara, P. O'Brien, James Coey, M. Geraghty, Patrick Duggan, D. O'Connell, John Geary, Thomas Donoghue, R. D. Walsh, James Murphy, Edward Quinlan and many more.

The obsequies were in charge of Mr. D. B. Quinlan.

At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were re-borne to the hearse and were escorted by the sorrowing relatives and friends to Calvary cemetery, where they were temporarily deposited in the vault. Rev. Fathers Riordan and Van Pelt accompanied the mourners, and performed the last services for the dead, who die in the faith of Christ.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

TO THE SHAMROCK IN INDIA.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

I watch'd the early flow'rs of spring
Their tender leaves and blossoms spread—
Noted the birdlings on the wing—
And buds that deck'd the garden bed.

Amid the Orient's golden light
A tiny emerald trefoil found
With dewdrops sparkling fair and bright
A shamrock green on Indian ground!

Transplanted here perhaps to glad
The hearts of exiles who may roam
From the green isle forlorn and sad—
Far from their fern-clad vales at home.

On one bright stem, thou three-leaved clover
Type of the modest—chaste and true;
Tread where they may the wide world over
Fair Erin's children worshipt you!

Dear trefoil of the sainted Isle
Plucked by fair hands from Erin's breast—
To greet the tourist with a smile
Like a bright sunbeam from the west!

In your own proud but hapless land
You brighten every inch of sod—
Green as the groves of Samarcand—
A symbol of the triune God!

* During a brief stay at Calcutta, before ascending the Ganges, I was shown a small collection of growing shamrocks by Miss Eleanor Talbot—daughter of Capt. Desmond Talbot—transplanted from the banks of the Liffey, which the fair patriot called "a cluster of emerald gems."

† The word worship in this connection is intended in the sense of affectionate regard—and not as adoration such as may be offered to deity.

Catholic Population of Canada.

We have received Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1896, which, as usual, is found complete in official information concerning all the dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States and Canada. From the Canadian Directory we have compiled the following table of the Catholic population of the Dominion:

Halifax	50,000
Ottawa	125,600
Toronto	60,000
Charlottetown	55,000
Hamilton	50,000
Nicolet	86,872
St. Albert	15,000
Sherbrooke	62,000
Athabaska	8,000
Mackenzie, Gulf St. Law.	7,000
Kingston	65,500
Quebec	320,000
Alexandria	23,000
Chatham	55,000
London	60,000
Peterborough	40,000
St. Hyacinthe	119,000
Three Rivers	60,568
Pontiac	86,636
Montreal	400,520
St. Boniface	29,000
Antigonish	73,000
Chicoutimi	60,000
New Westminster	28,000
Rimouski	84,336
St. John, (New Brunswick)	60,000
Valleyfield	56,125
Saskatchewan	8,000
Total	2,098,357

This shows a satisfactory increase in our Catholic population, which is steadily gaining ground; and bids fair in the near future to be fully 50 per cent of the total population of the Dominion.—*Catholic Register.*

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Lucania arrived at Queenstown April 16, at 10 p.m.

The Campania arrived at New York April 17, at 10 p.m.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York April 15, at 4 p.m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown April 15, at 7 a.m.

The following list of cabin passengers, booked at the Chicago office of the White Star Line, sail for Europe per the steamship Teutonic on April 22: Mrs. M. E. Davis, Miss F. Davis, J. M. Vega Limon, George T. Smith, Charles S. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Crowell, Rev. G. A. Lefroy, Philip E. Burrough, Miss Burnside, A. W. Grant, P. Kerr, Edwin J. Oxley, Barrett Mangon, Nels Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Stevens, F. L. Stevens, J. L. Stevens, Miss L. Stevens, J. J. Brown, Mrs. Bennett May, Leo Meyer, James Burke, J. V. Edwards, Mr. Edwards, Herman Keipin, Mrs. Keipin, Miss Clara Keipin, Miss Annie Ketpin, Master Charles Keipin, Master Herman Keipin, Miss Tomlinson, Mrs. Mary J. Harris, Richard Harris, Infant Harris, Mrs. D. Richter, Miss Richter, Mrs. L. Stowker, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Saunders, Master Saunders, Mrs. Martha Garrett, George Garrett, Infant Garrett, Miss Margaret Sullivan, Miss W. Gumbrell, Miss Edith Emsley, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Minnie Watson, Mrs. R. H. Manning, Eileen Manning, Walter Manning, Henry Llewellyn, Elizabeth Llewellyn, Annie Wentworth, Daisy Wentworth, Mr. and Mrs. John Barry and two children, Luch Hanwell, Miss F. Sinclair, Mrs. M. Clarke, Miss Winnifred Jones, Mrs. Henry Jones, Master Walter Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson, Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Mitchell.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Robert Emmet Council.

The members of this Council are hereby notified to attend the regular monthly meeting, which will be held at Unity Hall on Monday evening, April 27, at 8 o'clock sharp. Important business will be under consideration, including the by-laws for the future government of the council.

P. F. HOLDEN, Sec.

To Form a Council of Young Men.

On Sunday, April 26, at 2:30 p.m., there will be a meeting at the hall of the Employment Bureau of the United Irish Societies, No. 81 South Clark street, for the purpose of organizing a council of the Irish National Alliance composed of young men under the age of 20 years only. Several speakers will address the meeting, and it is hoped there will be a large attendance. Readers of this notice are requested to place it in the hands of all the young men they can, and thus promote the cause of Irish independence.

FRANCIS N. O'MAHONY,
354 E. Chicago-av.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY TO CROUCH

That is an exquisite bit of verse James Whitcomb Riley has addressed to the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Here it is:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird,
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and sighing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word.

Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
And have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it?
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning—the stars pale and few.
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain,
The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

AN APPEAL TO IRISH-AMERICANS.

[*To the Editor.*]

Doubtless the 17th of April recalled to many people that highly interesting and romantic sequel to the Fenian insurrection, 1865-'67, namely, the escape of the political prisoners from Australia on board the Catalpa, the recital of which verifies the old saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." In 1866, John Boyle O'Reilly, Martin Hogan, Thomas Hassett, Michael Harrington, Thomas Darragh, Robert Cranston and James Wilson were tried by court-martial in Dublin on the charge of disloyalty to the government and were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Some of them had been sentenced to death, which was later commuted to life imprisonment. But when one reads the detailed account of the horrors they underwent later, he is inclined to believe that this commutation of sentence was not an act of mercy on the part of the British officials. As an instance of the kind treatment the prisoners received, Martin Hogan, on one occasion, received fifty lashes and was sentenced to six months of solitary confinement, without intermission, because he refused to work in the company of thieves and criminals.

After long months of suffering, both in English dungeons and on board the hell-ship Hougomont, they were landed on Australian soil, whence, some time later, after exciting experiences, John Boyle O'Reilly escaped on the Gazelle, but the rest, for eleven years, pursued a life of toil and deprivation, technically because they had mutinied against the government, but in reality because they were devoted to their country and struck a blow for her freedom. But if they were destined by the British government to life-long punishment it was otherwise decreed by their fellow-patriots in Ireland and America. The Nationalists can recall with pride this incident when they outwitted the agents of England and proved that when the Irish are united on a project they will be victorious.

In 1875 the whaling-ship Catalpa, under command of Capt. Anthony, was fitted out by a committee appointed by the Nationalists for the expedition to Australia, where, after many exciting adventures, she succeeded in getting the Fenian prisoners on board from Freemantle, whence they had just escaped in a whaleboat. The Catalpa was pursued by the steamer Georgette with a company of Australian police on board, but notwithstanding her commander's characteristic British bluff of threatening to blow out the masts of the Catalpa, Capt. Anthony hoisted the Stars and Stripes at the peak and defied him to fire, thus deterring his enemy from taking any further steps and sailed home for America.

The Perth Enquirer, commenting on this incident, said, in part: "It seems humiliating that a Yankee with a half a dozen colored men should be able to come into our waters and carry off six of the most determined of the Fenian convicts, all the unreleased military prisoners, and then laugh at us for allowing them to be taken without an effort to secure them. But international law must be observed, and doubtless the home government will seek and obtain redress for this outrage. It is evident that Collins came to this colony with ample means as the agent of the American Fenian Brotherhood, and that Jones, Johnson and Taylor were coworkers in furthering the escape of the prisoners."

Although many have read or heard about this exploit not many are aware that in Chicago one of the exiles, Martin Hogan, lives, and in gratitude for his sacrificing his youth to the cause of Ireland, a committee has been appointed to aid him as much as possible. He is now well advanced in years, with a family to support, and in need of immediate pecuniary assistance. The committee, therefore, confidently appeals to all patriotic Irishmen to come to his assistance and contribute a little to show that the cause for which he suffered still animates the breasts of the Irish today as much as it did thirty years ago. The secretary begs to gratefully thank those who have already contributed, whose names will be published next week.

FRANCIS N. O'MAHONY, Sec.
354 East Chicago avenue.

Great Chance to Make Money.

Mr. Editor: I wish to tell others of my success these hard times. We had so many fires and so many valuables burned, being out of a job, I decided on selling the new family fireproof Deposit Case for storing deeds, mortgages, notes, receipts, money and valuables. I ordered a sample family size from the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. Sold six first day, right around home, at a profit of $24, last week I made $67. They are nice and so cheap all can buy. The firm make aluminum goods and other good sellers for agents. I shall make $1,000 clear this winter sure. Reader, write the company for a job.

JAY COX.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Des Plaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

SAW HIS OWN HEART.

UNPRECEDENTED EXPERIENCE OF A CHICAGO POLICEMAN.

One of the Bluecoats Injured by the Haymarket Bomb Saw In a Mirror the Beating of His Own Heart—Saved by a Delicate Surgical Operation.

It must be an uncanny sensation to look within your breast and actually see the pulsation of your own heart. Yet this has been the experience of Charles W. Whitney, one of the men in blue who was injured in the Chicago Haymarket riot. His chest was torn away by the explosion of a bomb, and as he lay in the hospital bed he saw, with the aid of a hand mirror, his own throbbing heart. What is still more marvelous, he recovered and is today doing a man's work and commands $100 a year more than an ablebodied policeman traveling a beat.

May 4, 1886, was a bloody night in Chicago history. One hundred and seventy stalwart men marched from the Desplaines Street station. They had been corralled there for several days anticipating a crisis, and at 10:30 o'clock the order to "fall in line" was given. The country thrilled with the horror that followed. The efforts to disperse the mob and the throwing of a bomb that burst between Lieutenants Stanton and Bowler's companies left over 60 officers lying in a heap on Haymarket square. One man died within an hour, and two others were hopelessly crippled by having their legs blown off. Other men were cruelly maimed, 14 of whom are now dead.

But of all the men Whitney stood the smallest possible chance of life. His breast was horribly mutilated, and bits of exploded bomb were imbedded perilously near the vital organs. He was taken to the hospital, and after the necessary probing the wound was sewed up.

Just before taking the stitches Dr. J. B. Murphy inquired:

"My brave boy, do you want to see what no man ever saw before?"

"Yes. What is it?" asked the officer feebly.

"Your own heart."

He handed his patient a mirror, and Whitney saw the greatest miracle ever given to human eyes. He now affirms that the heart is not a movable organ, for it neither leaps up into the throat nor descends into the boots. In fact, it does not indulge in any of the acrobatic feats generally ascribed to it by imaginative writers. But he frankly acknowledges that he is incapable of expressing his sensation as he watched the oscillation of his heart.

Within a month he was able to return home and was supposed to be on the road to recovery. Later he suffered a relapse, and, after weeks of unparalleled suffering, Dr. Murphy decided to resort to the most extreme operation known to scientific surgery. In the history of surgical procedure in this country it was the third time it has ever been undertaken, the former cases having proved fatal. A careful examination indicated that a piece of the bomb casing penetrated the breastbone, passing about midway between the second and third ribs, and was located about one-eighth of an inch from the pericardium. Like a magnet coquetting with a piece of metal, every throb of the heart brought the piece of shell nearer until the piercing of the organ was inevitable.

The operation was set for Friday, Nov. 6, 1886. Relatives and friends of the injured man protested, and, this coming to his ears, he said:

"I am going to make a test case of this and see if there is anything wrong with Friday."

The eventful morning came. The old wound was completely healed, but the flesh was laid open and Dr. Murphy proceeded to bore a hole through the officer's breastbone, very much as a skillful carpenter uses an auger on a hard wood stick. The instrument used was a trephine suitable for making a hole five-eighths of an inch in diameter.

The delicate operation was a marvelous success, for at the foot of this tiny tunnel lay the piece of bomb, which was easily plucked out with a pair of tweezers. It was cone shaped and composed of almost equal parts of copper, zinc and lead, and was cozily ensconced in the outer fatty coating of the heart.

It was over a year before it healed, and during that time he wore a rubber drainage tube. But it was several years before he was able to do any manual labor. Meanwhile he watched the anarchists' trial, kept in touch with his comrades at the station and was detailed for light service. Then for three years he drove a patrol wagon and afterward served as a messenger on the force. For a couple of years he was officer at the Goodrich school, and two years ago he was appointed at the Carter Harrison public bath, where his star awes unruly bathers, large and small. He draws a regular salary for his service, and as long as he lives he will have a pension. The laws provide for this.

Whitney is a handsome man, with large gray eyes and brown mustache. Suffering has given his face the characteristics of a scholar rather than a man of muscle. His conversation with physicians have given him a scientific knowledge of anatomy, which is perhaps not so remarkable considering he is the only man in the world who has seen his own heart. — Chicago Cor. Philadelphia Times.

He Had Been Treated.

Old Lady (compassionately)—Poor fellow! I suppose your blindness is incurable. Have you ever been treated?

Blind Man (sighing)—Yes, mum, but not often. 'Tain't many as likes to be seen goin into a public house with a blind beggar.—London Tit-Bits.

A Terrible Threat.

Register (to witnesses at a marriage who are talking very loud)—Ladies and gentlemen, if you won't be quiet, I shall marry the lot of you!—Lesehalle.

THE PAWNBROKER.

His Life Not a Happy One From His Own Point of View.

"Yes," said the pawnbroker, "the public has an idea that we are a hard hearted lot, but that is only one side of the story. A man in this business who had tears to shed wouldn't have a roof over his head inside of a year."

"You mean you can't afford to pity the misfortunes of others on a cash basis?" I queried.

"Very few people come here on account of misfortune. You saw the young man who went out as you came in?"

"Yes—an actor, eh?"

"Very likely. Here's a watch he brought. The works are second class and the cases filled. I can buy a carload at $15 apiece. He was hard up and came here to make a raise. He said his wife was dying, and he wanted $25 on the watch. When I offered him $5, he wept, but if you'll follow him two blocks you'll find him in a saloon, spending part of the money. Nine out of ten customers don't hesitate to lie, and ten out of ten would beat your Uncle Isaac if they could."

"But people pawn their clothes to get food," I said.

"Perhaps so. Here's a dress a woman brought in an hour ago. She also wept. She had a story about sickness and hunger, and she declared this was her wedding dress. From certain earmarks I know she bought this dress secondhand. I know she paid $4 for it. I strained a point when I offered her $2, but she'll go out and call me a highway robber."

"But you never get taken in and done for?"

"Don't I? Well, I'd like to see the pawnbroker who hasn't been done up! It's a cold month when I don't get beat, and by the very people whom you would sympathize with most. See these shiners?"

"Yes—fine diamonds."

"Want 'em for a dollar apiece?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Glad to get it, sir. They were left by a woman who wanted to raise money to bury her husband. I was half sick and very busy and gave her $60 on them. They are paste—only paste. She came in here to beat me of course, and no doubt had a good laugh over it. Here's a locket set with pearls, which my clerk advanced $30 on. The weeping man who brought it wanted to bury his dead wife with the money. I can buy 'em at wholesale for $3 apiece. Don't you believe all you hear about your uncle having a heart of stone. There are plenty of people who wouldn't beat a street car, but we are considered fair game for them, and they'll lie like smoke to take us in. It's a great place for tears, sighs and tales of sorrow, but the main idea is to give your Uncle Isaac the cold drop, and it's done oftener than I care to acknowledge."—Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERIES OF THE LOUVRE.

Walls That Are Believed to Hide the Bones of Murdered Men.

Every one who has "done" the Louvre will remember the low pitched and somewhat gloomy halls in which are stored the treasures of Egypt. Beneath these lie yet more darkly mysterious vaults, inaccessible to the public, though approached by a wide and handsome staircase, such as would lead one to imagine that it communicated with apartments of some importance. Yet one finds at the bottom nothing but broad passages disposed in the form of a cross, and without any sign whatever of door or window.

A recent examination, however, of the solid stone walls gives experts reason to believe that the masonry is more recent than the rest of the structure in this, the oldest portion of the fortress palace. M. Vaugneux, a well known critic, believes that many of the bodies of victims killed in the revolution of 1830 were immured here, and that the government was afraid to reveal the fact when the remains of their comrades were collected beneath the Colonne de Juillet.

On the other hand, M. Blondel, the architect of the building, and M. Normand, the secretary of the Society For Protecting Parisian Monuments, hold the opinion that these subterranean passages led to the oubliettes, into which Catherine de' Medici cast those who were unfortunate enough to incur her hate or fear. A judicious exploration would clear up the matter and settle, too, several doubtful points as to the foundations of Lescot's original citadel. Unfortunately, the annual grant does not provide for any such archæological research, and it would be necessary to appeal for funds to the generosity of the chamber.—London Chronicle.

How Fast Does Electricity Travel?

The above question is frequently asked in every day conversations, but is seldom answered to the satisfaction of the querist. Wheatstone says that the speed of electricity from point to point along a proper conductor is practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to ascertain the exact number of miles which the current will travel in a given length of time. According to the most reliable estimates which such experimenters have made its speed is not less than 114,000 miles per second. The writer adds: "Such speed is inconceivably great. The mind cannot contemplate it without staggering."—St. Louis Republic.

Correct.

Teacher (to class)—Why is procrastination called the thief of time?

Boy (at foot of class)—Because it takes a person so long to say it.—Harlem Life.

The first hint of paper making in Europe was in Constantinople. The process was brought from China by way of Samarkand in A. D. 651.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshiped the "still small voice."—Dobell.

DON'T LEAN OUT OF PLUMB.

Did you ever observe in your rambles about
The political scenes of the day
How often reformers engender a doubt
By their overpunctilious way?
Their censorship always reminds me of those
Who beneath my inspection have come,
Attempting to strike a magnificent pose,
Have o'erdone it to lean out of plumb.

They lean too far back, and, in fact, become bent—
Most foolish the posture they take—
And instead of expressing their upright intent
They lead you to fear they may break.
They wish you to feel that they're honest and wise
And not at all crooked or dumb,
Yet there they will stand with their eyes to the skies
And unconsciously lean out of plumb.

In trade or religion, in politics, too,
If our rectitude we would disclose,
Stand modestly forth to the popular view
And don't try to strut or to pose.
For ofttimes our eagerness may be too great—
At least it has happened to some—
And our efforts to tower in matters of state
Dwarf all chance as we lean out of plumb.
—Harry O. Dowd in New York Sun.

A FLOOD REMINISCENCE.

How a Young English Engineer Saved Lowell From Destruction.

The city of Lowell was saved from destruction in 1852 by the foresight of one young man. About 1835 a Lowell antiquarian named Uriah A. Boyden devoted much attention to investigating a tradition of a great flood in the Merrimac in 1785 and found an old man who remembered that his father marked the height of the water by driving a spike in an apple tree. Mr. Boyden persevered in his search until he found the tree in Tyngsboro, several miles above Lowell. Its trunk was hollow, and entering it from below he discovered the spike, its head wholly concealed by the bark, at a considerable distance above the ground. It showed that in 1785 the water had risen to a point 13½ feet higher than the top of the dam at the mouth of the canal, which furnished the Lowell water power in 1835.

The engineer in charge of this power was James B. Francis, a young Englishman, who urged the directors of the corporation to provide against the recurrence of such a rise of water. His arguments prevailed, and he was allowed to construct two immense wing walls of masonry, diverging from the canal lock and inclosing the entire country between the canal and the river. Over the waterway he hung an immensely strong gate, weighing 20 tons, which was suspended by a wrought iron chain. A sledge and a cold chisel were placed in the care of the watchman for use when needed. The work was finished in 1850, and for two years was laughed at as "Francis' folly."

On the morning of April 22, 1852, the waters rose so high that the city of Lowell was threatened with destruction, and the young engineer was sent for. He rode to the dam without a saddle and hurriedly cut the chain, releasing the great gate. His work stood bravely, and the Boston Advertiser, five days later, said that if it had not been constructed "every vestige of the old guard gates would have been carried away and a mighty and uncontrollable river would have swept through the heart of Lowell, destroying everything in its course." A service of plate was presented to Mr. Francis, and during the remainder of his life, which ended only recently, he was one of Lowell's most honored citizens. For more than 40 years he was agent of the corporation controlling the water power.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

One Way of Catching Fiddler Crabs.

There are various ways of catching fiddler crabs. One way of catching the black or mud fiddler, the one that bores into meadow banks along salt creeks, is with two boards so placed as to form a deep sided letter V. The fisherman seeks a spot where there is a little strip of sand at low water, between the base of the mud bank and the water's edge. The crabs come out of their holes and go down to the edge of the water, often in great numbers. The fisherman comes over the meadow with his boards, which he sets up on edge as quietly as he can on the sand, with the opening of the V toward the water. Then he alarms the crabs, and they come scurrying up the little beach in multitudes, bound for their holes. As they come they carry their big claw aloft, somewhat as the soldier carries his gun. It is from this habit that the fiddler crab gets the name of soldier crab, by which it is also known. Those crabs that are opposite the opening in the V hustle with the rest of the line, but when they strike the board sides they are thrown more and more together, until they converge in a mass at the point. The fisherman, sitting outside, takes them out by the handful.—New York Sun.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, being a great architect and engineer, as well as painter and sculptor, left notebooks proving that he had studied the flight of birds and had planned flying machines to be driven by wings or by screw propellers. But as Leonardo was good at figures he seems to have abandoned his plans after finding out how much force would be needed.—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

The Weak Point.

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "excepting the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."—London Fun.

"Tell that to the marines" indicates the contempt which, even to the present day, professional sailors feel and express for the soldiers who form a portion of the complement on board a man-of-war.

Grace leads the right way. If you choose the wrong, take it and perish, but restrain your tongue. Charge not, with lights sufficient and left free, your willful suicide on God's decree.—Cowper.

BOXING AT OLYMPIA.

Where the Fierce Combats Were Fought Almost to the Death.

They were cautious, these two, as if Xenokles fully realized the power and achievements of his opponent and Glaukus wished to test the guards and attacks of an unknown rival before proceeding to fight in earnest. The sun was already declining toward the western sea. An hour had passed. The spectators grew impatient. Were the boxers contending only to weary each other in holding up the weight of their armed hands? Such fights had been, but different tactics were looked for from Glaukus. They knew him for no cowardly trifler. Xenokles, too, must be of good heart to face so famous a fighter.

"See! Did I not say it?" cried a Krotonian.

Without warning from eye or muscle Glaukus had suddenly closed with his opponent; but, to his evident astonishment, the other, without trying to evade the rush, met it with a blow full on the chest which resounded through the stadion. Glaukus' career was checked, but Xenokles, not satisfied with this, now sprang forward and struck again and again with all his strength, until Glaukus rallied from his surprise and, taking advantage of an open guard, brought his rival to earth.

The Messenian was on his feet almost as soon as he touched the ground. The combat was no longer tame. Both men were wounded and bleeding, but they came together like raging bulls. Their great arms swung through the air, raining down blow after blow, while the clashing of brass upon brass, as they guarded the strokes, rang like the forge of Hephæstus.

"Will not your Alytæ interpose?" exclaimed the Mede.

"The rules forbid it," said Evander, "but whoever kills an adversary loses his crown. Ha! That was too much for the Messenian. See how he sways and drops his hands!"

"Now, Glaukus, now!" screamed the crowd. "Strike ere he recover!"

But the wary Krotonian paused to watch the effect of his last blow. He knew that the limit of human endurance had been almost reached, and he wished to conquer with as little danger to his foe as possible.

"He has judged well," said Evander as the Messenian sank down. "Glaukus is too practiced a boxer to risk losing a won victory."—"A Day at Olympia," by Duffield Osborne, in Scribner's.

A WINDOW IN BERN.

How the Swiss Maidens Pass Many a Pleasant Afternoon.

The wide window sills on the third floor are laid out, not for flowers, but, in no less characteristic Bern fashion, for human occupation. A stout iron rail runs, at a comfortable height for resting shoulders, round the ledge, on which lie red cushions. Settled in a corner of this high perch sits a young woman, like hundreds of her fellow townsfolk, looking down upon the world, knitting, singing and gossiping by turns in the leisure hour of afternoon and through the long twilight of the summer evenings.

Somehow there is a fascination in this Bern habit of perching on the window sill. It grows on the sitter with use. That brown haired young woman, for instance, would be hard put to it to live at all without her window cushions. She is an inveterate chatterbox, but it is difficult to be hard on her when one overhears her rapid French, her laughter and her sallies on her neighbors below. She is a Neufchateloise or a Genevoise, and the words run off her tongue right prettily, in contrast to the brusque sound of the quaint Bern-Deutsch. She is blessed with a ringing laugh, too, and carols French songs, partly to herself and partly, five parts out of six, at a young man engaged in a second floor bureau. He appears at the window usually when the singing begins. She has been seen to scatter crumbs from the shaken tablecloth over his upturned countenance. It may have been accident, but it looked like coquetry. The song goes on, trilling clear and loud through the drowsy calm, and the student leans far out, to look at the window next to his own, not from curiosity—nothing there is novel—but some familiar sights are good to look at every day. There is little enough to see, too, even if it were a novelty—a box green with garden herbs, parsley, thyme, mint and marjoram, two or three pots with common forest ferns and some chrysanthemum cuttings.—Speaker.

One Correct Answer.

An amusing little story was told a good many years ago in connection with Governor Mattox of Vermont. At one time he was chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia county. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.

"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge.

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox.

"Important question," said the judge. "And what was his reply?"

"He made it without the least hesitation," said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Of course that fact is in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, with some impatience.

"He said," returned the chairman, "that he didn't know."—Youth's Companion.

Those Monotonous Sonnets.

She (gushingly to the literary lion)—Oh, Mr. De Reitre, I did so enjoy that last volume of yours—that "Little Book of Sonnets," you know.

He—Thank you. I am glad that you enjoyed them. But haven't you any helpful criticism for me?

She—Well, don't you think if you had made them different lengths they wouldn't have looked so monotonous?—New York Journal.

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"BOCK" BEER

How the Beverage Is Brewed and Prepared For the Trade.

"Bock" beer is the keynote of history of beer brewing as it is understood by the people of this day. It is generally supposed that beer is of distinctively German origin, whereas it is a fact that beer was brewed by the men of many nationalities in many parts of the world centuries before the Christian era. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, made beer from corn and barley in those ancient times. The lager beer of the Germans was a Bavarian product and "bock" beer originated in Bavaria.

We have heard a number of stories as to the origin of the term "bock" beer, and while they all vary as to detail, they are as a rule correct. When beer was first brewed in Bavaria and for a long time afterward in that and all other parts of the world, ice formed no part in the manufacture, though it was very necessary that it should be fermented and stored in a cold temperature. As ice was not relied upon to make this cold air and as artificial refrigeration was not dreamed of, brewing was done only in cold weather, and the beer was stored in chill vaults underground. Here it was left to age until some time in spring, say the latter part of April or the beginning of May, when the vaults were thrown open and the thirsty public was regaled with a pure, wholesome draft of the foamy beverage. And as the first issue from these vaults was stronger and liable to go to the head, the people were said to be "bocked;" hence the name. Another version of the story is that when the vaults were thrown open, a buck jumped out and that gave rise to the name and also to the widely advertised "William" goat who adorns the "bock" beer signs of the present day.

But "bock" beer season is a time of sentiment to the Germans, and other people have imbibed the sentiment with the dark and heavy drink. They want "bock" beer at the proper time and they will drink it then and enjoy it.—Wine and Spirit Journal.

JOSEPHINE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

Even the Emperor Napoleon Was Bothered by Dressmakers' Bills.

Throughout the late summer and autumn of 1807 the imperial court was more stately than ever before. The old nobility became assiduous in their attendance, and, as one of the empress' ladies in waiting is said to have remarked, the court "received good company." On his return Napoleon had found Josephine's extravagance to be as unbounded as ever, but he could not well complain, because, although for the most part frugal himself, he had this time encouraged lavishness in his family. Still, it was not agreeable to have dressmakers' bills flung into his carriage when driving in state with his consort, and on one occasion he sent an unprincipled but clever milliner to the prison of Bicetre for having disobeyed his orders in furnishing her wares to the empress at exorbitant prices. The person was so indispensable to the court ladies, however, that they crowded her cell, and she was soon released.

At St. Cloud, Malmaison, the Tuileries and Fontainebleau the social vices of courts began to appear, but they were sternly repressed, especially high play. By way of contrast, the city of Paris was at that very moment debauched by a profusion of gambling hells and houses of prostitution licensed at an enormous figure by Fouche and producing great revenues for the secret police. The gorgeous state uniforms of the marshals, the rich and elegant costumes of the ladies, the bespangled and begilt coats of the household, dancing, theatricals, concerts and excursions—all these elements should have combined to create brilliancy and gayety in the imperial circle, but they did not.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor Sloane, in Century.

Difficulties of Carnation Culture.

Luck is not a reliable factor in the difficult problem of carnation culture. It demands exhaustive knowledge of the habits, requirements and diseases of the plant, unceasing watchfulness and unremitting labor the year through. Even when all is done that seems possible to merit success, the grower is liable to the exasperation of finding that particular varieties, upon which he may have based his most sanguine expectations, obstinately refuse to flourish under his care. Almost every carnation culturist knows varieties that he "simply cannot raise" and neither he, nor anybody else, can tell the reason why. Of course, there must be something lacking, in soil, water, air or treatment, which they require, but it seems as if they were capable of taking offense at him, or his surroundings, and preferring death, or at least unproductive life, to endurance of the association.—Scribner's.

Willing to Oblige.

Ex-Senator Sawyer was quoted in Washington as saying: "When they ask me if I want to be a delegate, I tell them 'No, I don't care anything about it,' that I have been to a good many conventions; that I am pretty near 80 years old, and that if any of the boys want to go in my place I am perfectly willing to have 'em. At the same time, if they want to make me a delegate I'll accept. I've got nothing else to do, but I'm too old to have any ambition, and hereafter will do anything that is wanted of me, but no more."

This is a very sensible and moderate observation. But it applies to all sorts of jobs, including United States senator. —La Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.

New Idea In Railway Tracks.

The annoyance of wheels slipping on tracks, especially in up grades, and the tremendous resistance experienced have led to a new invention. The rail is provided with an edge or rim covered with cogs or teeth, and the wheel has similar cogs which engage with them. These cogs are set on diagonally, inclining downward, and are less likely to accumulate dust and dirt. — New York Ledger.

Society Directory.

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Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.

Division 22.

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Vice President, J. S. Carrior.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.

Division 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4931 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4630 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

Division 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.

Division 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

Division 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

Division 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10908 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

Division 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

Division 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

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Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Th omas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

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President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

THE GOODLY SWORD.

The Egyptians Gave It the Name Fifty Centuries Ago.

Half a hundred centuries ago the Egyptians gave to the sword its name. Since those old days the history of the trenchant blade, stained with blood and defaced by the scars of battle though it is, holds much of the glory, the poetry and the chivalry of the cruel game of war.

A friend whose fidelity never wavered and whose power never failed, it is not surprising that men endowed the sword not only with human attributes, but with the might and majesty of the gods themselves. The old legends abound in tales of its magical powers. How the divine armorers strove continually to excel some rival in the forging of a blade of a temper so delicate that it might cut a thread with the same ease with which it struck a head from the body, or hewed through heavy metal armor, was a favorite subject of the old Teutonic and viking tales.

These legendary blades bore characteristic names, by which they were invariably known: Graysteel, Wader Through Sorrow and Millstone Biter were swords of wide renown, and we all remember how Arthur of the Round Table took "Excalibur, the sword that rose from out the bosom of the lake." Cæsar's sword was called Crocea Mors; Charlemagne's Joyeuse played no small part in the setting up of the great Frankish empire. Many a bold captain went down before El Tizona, wielded by the relentless hand of the Cid.

The Japanese, whose civilisation was old before ours began, have produced beautiful examples of the swordmaker's art. The Japanese nobleman carried his swords as the insignia of his rank. He wore one on each side, thrust into the folds of his sash.

These swords have been handed down as heirlooms from father to son, and it was not unusual for families of ancient lineage to have as many as 1,500 of them—marvels of costly and artistic workmanship—in their possession. The scabbards are richly lacquered and bound about with a silken cord in a curious pattern. The blade is curved, and the round guard is pierced to carry a small dagger. This guard, called a tsuba, is decorated with curious designs, and so great is the ingenuity of the Japanese metal workers that among the thousands of swords they have produced it is impossible to find two guards exactly alike. They are prized so highly by collectors that large sums of money have been paid frequently for an antique sword, only that it might be ruthlessly torn apart to secure the guard.—Mary Stuart McKinney in St. Nicholas.

A Result of Fortune Telling.

The girls employed in one of the big department stores of New York amuse themselves during lunch hour by telling each other's fortunes in teacups. "Yettie," said one of them the other day, peering intently into a teacup, "is going to die an old maid. She will be taken away from home over the water somewhere. She will go out of her mind. She—I can't read any more." Then the gong sounded and the chattering workers scattered. Today Yettie is at home a raving maniac. She cries out that she don't want to be sent over the water. No one can quiet her fears nor exercise the evil spirit born of the folly of fortune telling. But a new rule has been posted in the lunch room of the big store.

Buried Hatchets.

In reporting a meeting in some of the churches, the preacher said that "several hatchets were buried, handles and all." We like that. The trouble is too often that in burying hatchets the handles are left within reach.—Louisville Western Recorder.

A Changed Man.

Brown—Is young Smith as great a spendthrift as ever?

Jones—By no means. His money is gone.—Brooklyn Life.

Entirely New Watch Offer

FOR "CITIZEN" SUBSCRIBERS.

We have decided to revise our Watch Offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked. The arrangement under which the watches are purchased is entirely in the interest of our subscribers. There is no retailer's profit, middlemen's profit added, and no jobber's profit, no profit added because of the capital invested or because of the risk of bad debts; no profit to cover cost of heavy rentals, of salaries and expenses of traveling men—none of those costly incidentals which always come out of the last purchaser is in it at all. By this arrangement you purchase practically direct from the factory's agent. When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if, at the end of three days, he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. NO WATCHES WILL BE SENT C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers will not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

NO. 100—WALTHAM OR ELGIN WATCH, PRICE $5.75.

No. 100—A man's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant-setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is a solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case, screw back and bezal; the crystal is made of heavy plate glass so as to withstand any strain. We will send this watch to subscribers by registered mail for.....$5.75

NO. 101—ELGIN OR WALTHAM BARGAIN. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $6.50.

Sometimes it is desirable for all persons to study economy in making purchases in preference to other considerations. In order to accommodate such, we have procured a new style of case, in which are put a high-class Waltham or Elgin movement. By this combination any one may secure a watch equal to the best in running qualities, and as durable as those of the highest price, and as precise and accurate as any piece of human mechanism for the measurement of time. We save our readers money, in the first instance by cheapening the case, and in the second by handling it without reference to profit. The case with which this watch is furnished is made of stiffened silver. In other words, in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and, were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy solid coin-silver case. This watch does not come in hunting-case—open face only, with a heavy beveled plate-glass crystal, strong, durable and beautiful. The dial is marked in either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial upon which the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. This is emphatically a watch for the times, and costs such a trifle that any one can afford to buy it, simply with a view to carrying it for a few years until the return of general prosperity, when the movement may be changed into a gold case. This watch will be sent, delivery guaranteed, to any address in the United States for.....$6.50

NO. 102—OPEN FACE GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $11.50.

This is an Elgin or Waltham movement, open face, with beveled glass crystal, warranted to wear like solid gold for fifteen years; stem wind and stem set, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form. This watch is a great bargain and a perfect timepiece. The case is handsomely engraved. We send this watch, delivery guaranteed, to any of our readers in this country for.$11.50

NO. 103—GOLD HUNTING-CASE ELGIN OR WALTHAM MEN'S SIZE WATCH, PRICE $14.25.

This watch is a very stylish, reliable timepiece, made upon the famous Riverside model, which is thinner than the ordinary style of movement. In other words, a watch made on this model is materially less in thickness than others from front to back when the cases are closed. This form does not arise from any less metal in the case, but from the mechanical style of the movement; its advantage is in being less bulky when carried in the vest pocket. Both the Elgin and Waltham Companies now make this style of movement, which has the stem set and stem wind, seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form. The case is warranted to wear like solid gold for fifteen years, and is nicely engraved. We send this watch to any of our readers, delivery guaranteed, for.....$14.25

"APPLETON TRACY & CO." WALTHAM, MEN'S SIZE.

The "Appleton Tracy & Co." movement is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full-jeweled, with 15 extra-fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, isochronism position, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris against all competitors, both American and foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in any of the following cases:

104 is a solid 14-kt. U. S. assay, 40 dwt. hunting case, engine turned..$40.00
105 is a 15-year gold-filled hunting case, handsomely engraved.....$22.50
106 is a 15-year gold-filled open face case handsomely engraved.....$20.00
107 is a 2-oz. coin silver open face, or hunting case, engine turned..$17.50
108 is a solid nickel silver open face, dust-proof case.....$13.90

OFFICIAL RAILROAD WATCH.

Many of the railroad companies of the country, in order to avoid accidents that might arise from any discrepancy in time-pieces, have compelled their conductors and engineers to carry a specified watch. This in many cases is what is known as the Crescent Street Movement, made at the Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass. This movement comes in various cases more or less expensive, according to material. The movement in all the cases, however, is the same. The movement is stem wind and stem set, 17 ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position, patent regulator, patent Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, fine glass enamel double sunk dial, one of the finest full-plate movements in the world.

109 is a 14-kt. solid gold U. S. assay, 40 dwt. hunting case, engine turned.....$50.00
110 is a 14-kt. gold-filled hunting, engine turned case, 20 years....$35.00
111 is a 14-kt. gold-filled, open face, engine turned case, 20 years....$33.00
112 is a solid coin silver, 2 oz., engine turned case.....$28.00
113 is a solid nickel silver, open face, screw case, dust proof.....$25.00

The American Watch Co., at Waltham, has made a reduction in the price of its 15-jewel movements. We take the first opportunity to give our readers the advantage of the new price list, and offer the following described bargains:

No. 114. PRICE $14.00—No. 114 is an open face, 15-jewel in settings, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial, stem wind and pendant, set in a gold-filled, engraved or engine turned pattern case; warranted to wear like solid gold for 15 years. We will send this watch to any address, delivery guaranteed, for the sum of only.....$14.00

No. 115. PRICE $9.00—Our second watch under this offer is No. 115, which is a 15-jewel American Waltham watch, either nickel or gilt movement, containing 15 jewels in settings, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial, stem wind and pendant set; either Roman or Arabic characters; it is in a solid, nickel silver, open face case, with a heavy French beveled plate glass crystal. We will send this watch to any of our readers, post paid, delivery guaranteed, for only.....$9.00

No. 116. PRICE $17.50—Our third offer is No. 116, which is a 15-jewel American Waltham, stem wind and set, compensation balance, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form; white porcelain dial; either Roman or Arabic characters; hands of blue-tempered steel. This movement comes in a 14-kt. gold filled case, guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear like solid gold for 20 years. We will send this watch, post paid, delivery guaranteed, for....$17.50

GOOD WATCH FOR BOYS. PRICE $3.75.

We have seen other papers offering cheap watches to their subscribers and often looked them up to see if we too could not offer them to our readers, but in every case we found the watches to be so worthless that we would have nothing to do with them. We had about given up the idea of finding a satisfactory cheap watch. We mentioned our experience in this direction to the representative of a large American watch company, and through his help we are now able to offer a real good watch at a very low price. It is guaranteed to keep accurate time, has seven jewels, expansion balance, cut pinions, porcelain dial, stem wind and set, in solid nickel silver open face case. You see this is not a cheap clock movement put into a tin oval case; it is a watch that you can rely upon; if not satisfactory return it and get your money back. Price delivered.....$3.75

NO. 120. PRICE $22.00—SOLID 14-KT. LADY'S WATCH, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.

No. 120 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14-kt. gold U. S. assay; the works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved; they contain seven valuable jewels; each watch is a stem winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed, for.....$22.00

No. 121. Price $16.50—Solid Gold Elgin or Waltham. No. 121 is a solid gold standard U. S. assay case, guaranteed in every particular. We will furnish this watch in a handsomely engraved case or plain engine turned, the movement is the same as in offer No. 120. Price, delivery guaranteed.....$16.50

No. 122. Price $13.00—Gold-filled Elgin or Waltham. No. 122 is a gold-filled watch, guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear 15 years. It is handsomely engraved, and as delicate in design as could be wished for; the movement can be had in either Elgin or Waltham make, and guaranteed to be an accurate timepiece. We will send this watch for.$13.00

No. 123. Price $9.00—Coin Silver Elgin or Waltham. No. 123 is a solid coin silver Elgin or Waltham watch, open face only; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring. We will send this watch to any address for.$9.00

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by Draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address "THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO., 69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL."

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Dated Chicago, April 10, 1896.
JOHN E. BOETTCHER, Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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